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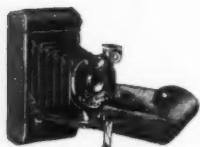
FACE WEST

by Margaret Y. Lull

FEBRUARY 1932



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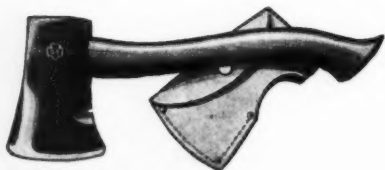
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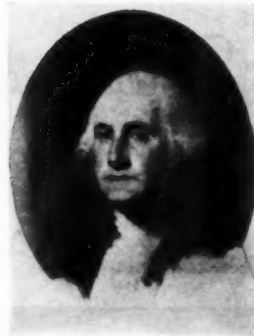
THE AMERICAN GIRL, published monthly by the Girl Scouts, Inc., at National Headquarters, 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscriptions \$1.50 a year, \$2.00 for two years. Copyright, 1932, Girl Scouts, Inc. Entered as second-class matter August 11, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.



ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS LEWIS

Two Letters

*Written by our First President to
two sixteen-year-old kinswomen*



A FAMOUS PORTRAIT BY STUART

THIS YEAR marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, soldier, statesman and brave and charming gentleman. To many of us, he seems just a

remote and admirable figure of history, a familiar face engraved on postage stamps. We remember his military exploits, his presidency, the important scenes of his public life, but we forget that he lived as an individual as well as a public hero. The excerpts from the two letters printed on this page show something of the human quality of George Washington. Written during the busy days when he was President, to his niece, Harriot Washington, and to Eleanor Parke Custis, his step-granddaughter, they show his extraordinary interest in the welfare of the two sixteen-year-old girls.

"At present," he writes to Harriot in 1791, "I could plead a better excuse for curtailing my letter to you than you had for shortening of yours to me, having a multitude of occupations before me while you have nothing to do; consequently you might with equal convenience to yourself have sat down to write your letter an hour or two or even a day sooner, as to have delayed it until your cousin was on the point of sending to the post office. I make this remark for no other reason than to show you it is better to offer no excuse than a bad one if at any time you should happen to fall into an error.

"Occupied as my time now is, and must be during the sitting of Congress, I nevertheless will endeavor to inculcate upon your mind the delicacy and danger of the period to which you are now arrived under peculiar circumstances. You are just entering into the state of womanhood without the watchful eye of a mother to admonish or the protecting aid of a father to advise and defend you; you may not be sensible that you are at this moment about to be stamped with that character which will adhere to you through life; the consequences of which you have not perhaps attended to, but be assured it is of the utmost importance that you should.

"Your cousins, with whom you live, are well qualified to give you advice; and I am sure they will, if you are disposed

to receive it. But, if you are disobliging, self-willed and untowardly, it is hardly to be expected that they will engage themselves in unpleasant disputes with you, especially Fanny, whose mild and

placid temper will not permit her to exceed the limits of wholesome admonition or gentle rebuke. Think, then, to what dangers a giddy girl of fifteen or sixteen must be exposed in circumstances like these. To be under but little or no control may be pleasing to a mind that does not reflect, but this pleasure cannot be of long duration; and reason, too late perhaps, may convince you of the folly of misspending time. You are not to learn, I am certain, that your fortune is small. Supply the want of it, then, with a well cultivated mind, with dispositions to industry and frugality, with gentleness of manners, obliging temper, and such qualifications as will attract notice, and recommend you to a happy establishment for life. . . ."

The letter to Eleanor deals with the subject of love, and the choice of a husband. In it President Washington pokes mild fun at an apathy for the "youth of the present day", which she had probably confessed in one of her letters, and twits her on her determination never to give herself a moment's uneasiness on account of any of them. "A hint here," he goes on, "men and women feel the same inclinations towards each other now that they always have done, and which they will continue to do until there is a new order of things. . . . Do not therefore boast too soon or too strongly of your insensibility to, or resistance of its (love's) powers." He adds, that, "love ought to be under the guidance of reason, for, although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard." And he has a word of warning to coquettes saying, "Nothing short of good sense and an easy unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. It would be no great departure from truth to say, that it rarely happens otherwise than that a thorough-faced coquette dies in celibacy, as a punishment for her attempts to mislead others, by encouraging looks, words, or actions, given for no other purpose than to draw men on to make overtures that they may be rejected."

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor
PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Canadian, \$.25 extra a year for postage; foreign, \$.50 extra a year for postage; remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois; Harry E. Hyde, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Powers & Stone, Inc., 369 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C. for New England and New York State, except Metropolitan Area; Pacific Coast, 337 South Central Avenue, Los Angeles, California; 604 Mission Street, San Francisco, California.

VOLUME XV

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 2

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Sister knew
what made
me fuss..

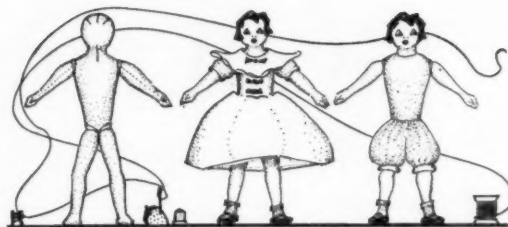


IT WAS FORTUNATE that Patsy Mallory had attended the splendid "little mothers" class at her school. Because she knew what was making baby brother so fussy and fretful.

Patsy had learned how easily a baby's skin is chafed and how important it is to wash his garments with the very gentlest soap. A famous child specialist had advised Lux. "It cannot irritate even the most sensitive skin," he said.

So Patsy suggested that Mother try Lux for brother's things. And how downy his little woolens were after a gentle Lux bath! Diapers, too—so sweet and soft. It wasn't long before baby's painful diaper rash disappeared.

Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in so many soaps. And with the instant Lux suds there's no rubbing to shrink and harshen woolens. That's why it's best to use Lux for *everything* of baby's!



By PAGE KIRK

Captain, Troop Twenty-Six
Washington, D. C.

Make a French Rag Doll

CAPTIVATING rag dolls, with wool hair, were made with great success by Troop Twenty-six of Washington, D. C. to give away at Christmas-time. They were cut and finished after the pattern of a fashionable doll that came from Paris and were so attractive that I am sure other girls would like to make them, either for gifts or to sell at fairs.

As here printed the pattern is small. Make the squares one-half inch and draw your own pattern by enlarging the one at the bottom of the page, drawing the same number of squares as given in the pattern. Squares of one-half inch will give a fourteen-inch doll. Quarter inch squares make a little baby to be dressed in long baby clothes. Number the lines as they are numbered here, starting in the upper left corner. Figure One enlarges the hand. To find a point

in the outline divide the space into halves and quarters. Point C in Figure One is less than one-quarter of the space down and between one-half and three-fourths of the space over. Do this by your eye. The first few points may be a little hard for you, but after that it is easy. If there are bumps in your outline, smooth them out after the enlargement is finished. Enlarge only the heavy lines and keep the outline rounded; it will be easier to stuff. Cut the paper

"Do not stitch." Machine stitch the important darts at the top of the head and the ones at the back and front of the head.

Without them the head will be flat. Turn right side out and stuff the head tight with cotton, using an unsharpened pencil to stuff it down firmly. Shape the head as you stuff (Figure Three) and be sure the neck is stiff. The body, arms and legs are next stuffed with cotton.

Sew the openings and sew on the legs and arms, using heavy thread. Cut a four-inch strip of pale pink sateen and pull it tightly around the head, being sure to bring it well down on the neck (Figure Three) and sew on at the back of the head. Stretch it to fit smoothly and sew at the top and bottom.

Embroider the eyes, nostrils, and mouth with heavy embroidery silk, blue for the eyes, red for the nostrils and mouth, and brows to match the hair (Figure Two). Paint red spots on the cheeks. Use oil paints as its future owner may lick off the color. The hair is of wool or heavy silk sewed on in layers, beginning with the lower layers and finishing with the top of the head. The face could be painted, but the French ones are embroidered and much more attractive.

Dress the doll any way you wish, but remember that it is for a child, and the clothes should be washable.

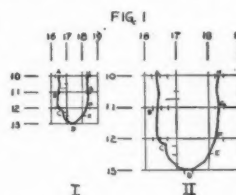


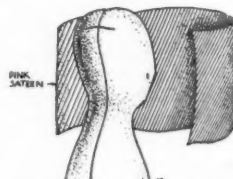
FIG. 1
SQUARES IN II DRAWN AS MANY TIMES LARGER THAN SQUARES IN I AS YOU WANT HAND II LARGER THAN HAND I.

FIG. 2



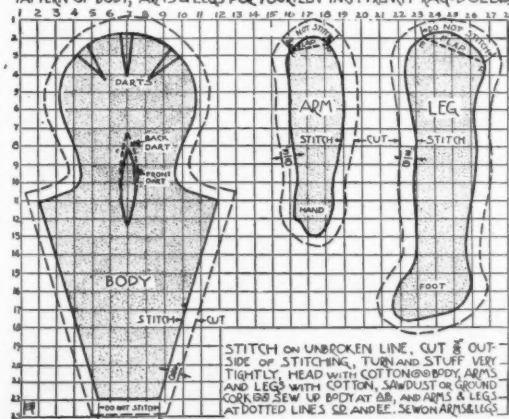
EYES BLUE, LIPS AND LASHES BROWN OR DARKER SHADE OF BROWN, NOSE, NOSTRILS, MOUTH, RED, CHEEKS AND CHIN PINK.

FIG. 3



STUFF HEAD INTO AN EGG SHAPE WITH THE LARGE END UP. STUFF OUT NOSE AND CHIN. TAKE A STITCH THROUGH NOSE AND PULL IT TIGHT TO FORM NOSTRILS. AFTER COVERING HEAD WITH PINK SATEN, AGAIN CATCH IN NOSTRILS, LIPS, RED SILK.

PATTERN OF BODY, ARMS & LEGS FOR FOURTEEN INCH FRENCH RAG-DOLLS



Be sure to get the March "American Girl"—



WE HAVE four main topics for discussion this month—the Jo Ann mystery, the last Patsy story, *The Transplanted Ghost*, and Albert Payson Terhune's dog story.

VERA MAN of Hollis, New York says, "I simply must write to tell you how I loved *Yule*. It was marvelous! I wish we had more animal stories like that—especially about dogs and horses. I think it was the best dog story I've read in a long time. And the illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull were simply splendid." "*The Yule Miracle* was a grand story," says Norma Lundholm of South Lynnfield, Massachusetts, "and my heart went out to the foolish pup as much as Karen's did. Let's have some more of Terhune's stories!" Marjorie Knopf of Rochester, New York writes that she has been a reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over two years, and although she has enjoyed every story thoroughly she thinks the best yet is *The Yule Miracle*. Marjorie hopes we'll have some more dog stories, especially by Mr. Terhune.

THREE cheers for *The Yule Miracle*," says Margaret Barlow of Palisade, Nebraska. "It surely was great. Let's have some more stories by Albert Payson Terhune. My father read the story and liked it very much."

I AM sorry to say that *The Yule Miracle* did not come up to my expectations, although I think Mr. Terhune's books are splendid," says Nancy Orr of Chicago. And another dissenting note comes from Helen Bishop of Southampton, New York who says she liked most of the stories in the December *AMERICAN GIRL* very much, but that she didn't particularly care for *The Yule Miracle*. Margaret Cameron of Aberdeen, Washington says that although she thinks our covers are just grand, the illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull for *The Yule Miracle* are simply sick.

AMERICAN GIRL readers seem to have been a little dubious about *The Transplanted Ghost*. Lots of you liked it, but many appear to find it a bit incredible. One of those who liked it was Ramona Brown of Springfield, Ohio. She writes, "What kind fairy told you to have a story with grown people in it? I think *The Transplanted Ghost* was very good, if a little improbable. Couldn't you manage to have a grown-up story every once in a while? I am sure there are some girls who would like them, even if most girls prefer stories about girls their own age." Dorothy Stern of New Rochelle, New York thinks the Christmas issue was marvelous. "I especially

Well, of All Things!

liked *The Transplanted Ghost*," she writes, "but I think that it is far too unbelievable, unless one has an almost superhuman imagination."

I THINK *The Transplanted Ghost* would have been good," writes Rena Dorman of Canaan, Vermont, "if there had been an explanation for the real ghost, because nowadays we aren't superstitious." "I did not particularly care for *The Transplanted Ghost*," writes Betty Forrest of Tuckahoe, New York. "It seemed kind of silly. As a rule I like ghost stories, but this one was foolish." "*The Transplanted Ghost* was a queer story," says Vera Man, who wrote about *The Yule Miracle*. "It was a different one from the usual kind, but it was very good, and the illustrations were grand. I don't think I've ever seen a nicer castle."

IT SEEMS that Jo Ann's Christmas Mystery is almost unanimously popular. Ida Jeanne Dagger of Clarendon, Virginia says, "Speaking of good stories, I certainly think Jo Ann's Christmas Mystery is one! This is an ideal way to have a Jo Ann story. Let's have some more." Margaret Barlow, who is quoted elsewhere on this page, says she loves the Jo Ann stories. She thinks the Christmas mystery is as good as *Mystery on the Mountain*, which she liked tremendously. Norma Lundholm says: "Jo Ann and her missing Christmas gifts make the most exciting story she has been in. I can hardly wait for my January issue to come." "I'm very much interested to see how the Jo Ann story will turn out," says Helen Bishop. "I do hope the culprit wasn't Tommy, for I think it's about time he stopped being a pest and tormentor and was just a good friend for awhile!"

OUR CHRISTMAS cover has come in for a good bit of favorable comment. Betty Kieweg of Kewaunee, Wisconsin says, "Oh, what a lovely cover it was. I think it is the best cover Jean Calhoun has ever done for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*." Helen Meisenzahl of Rochester, New York writes, "Jean Calhoun draws the best covers, and I hope we have more of them. I think the December issue was marvelous."

THE ARTICLE *Three Gifts to Make* was very useful," Mae Horowitz of New York City writes. "I do not wish to bore you, but I do want to say that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is just perfect. December's cover was perfectly charming." That sort of remark never bores us, Mae. And since we're quoting from letters that say especially nice things about us, we'll include one from Berniece Koester of Chicago, Illinois who says that she has been reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for nearly a year, and she can't find a thing wrong with it. "It's Thanksgiving Eve, and I certainly have a lot to be thankful for," says Dorothy Libby of Lynbrook, New York. "Just the fact that I am now a subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a comfort."

LOUISE STENGEL of Washington, D. C. says, "I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It always seems ages between issues and I drop everything else when it comes, so I can read it right away. I think the December issue had the best special articles and merit badge pages it's had for a long time, and I adored *The Yule Miracle*. I can't say enough in praise of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I'm so grateful to have it."

ALL OF you who have been asking for more aviation stories by Dorothy Verrill will be glad to know that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will have another before very long. Marion L. Head of Bridgeburg, Canada writes that she thinks our December issue was lovely. "I thought *Patsy and the Christmas Spirit* was a grand story," Marion writes. "I'm crazy about the illustrations of Miss Verrill's stories." Jean Haemmerlein of East Aurora, New York says, "I love the Patsy stories. Can't we have some more? I have just read my December issue and I liked this last one especially well. What I particularly want to write about is the illustrations by Addison Burbank. I like them better than any others I've ever seen in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. They look more like we want our characters to look and the way I always imagine them. Patsy looks like a chic, modern heroine and the millionaire looks just like a millionaire." "*Patsy and the Christmas Spirit* certainly was grand! And speaking of artists, Addison Burbank is all any girl could ask for," says Catherine Gregg of Hamilton, Virginia.

PLEASE LET us know how you like this month's magazine—the Bender story and especially the new serial. And how about *The Nerve Trainers* and *The Taming of Grapevine* last month? Write us exactly what you think about *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and help make this a lively, interesting page.

It's the best international issue in years!



"HOW LOVELY!" GURGLLED MARY LOU EXCITEDLY. "AND ISN'T THAT THE FAMOUS CAMEO SHE'S WEARING?"

*Illustrations by
Henrietta McCaig Starrett*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

FEBRUARY • 1932

Beginning Face West *a new serial by*

MARGARET YOUNG LULL



I ALWAYS did adore Highlands, Arley." Mary Lou Wyatt, who had been peering through the half-opened shutters of the stately weather-beaten mansion above the Hudson, turned ecstatically to her friend. "Even before I knew you, it was one of our favorite Sunday drives, up the river past here to the bridge and back on the other side. And to think it's your ancestral home! How long has it been closed?"

"Five years. Ever since Grandmother Wainwright's death." Arley

Wainwright's dark eyes flashed proudly, and her cheeks, which had been whipped to rose by the cold air outside, wore an added flush of happiness that she had been able to climax their happy Christmas house party at Mary Lou's by bringing these three best friends to the home where her forbears had lived. "Not a picket in the fence has been changed. Couldn't be, you know. Grandmother's estate isn't settled yet."

"Not settled!" Larry Parsons, who had been inspecting the carved bannister of the ancient staircase, turned to Arley in surprise. "In this rapid age! What's the matter with you Wainwrights?"

"It can't be until we find some trace of my Uncle Anthony," replied Arley. "Highlands was left to my father and him together, with the stipulation that nothing should be altered until Uncle Anthony came home. He was the family black sheep, always getting into trouble, but Grandmother's pet just the same; and she had a fixed notion that he must find things as he left them if he ever took a fancy to come back. He's probably dead long ago, but we can't prove it, and the place has to stand. We couldn't afford to live here. Uncle Joel, Mother's only brother, was alone on his fruit ranch in California and wanted Mother to come. So we closed the house, I entered college, and Mother and Tom went West to live."

"You'll be following her out there some day, I suppose," said Mary Lou with a sigh. "I hate to think of it."

"I should say I won't," declared Arley vigorously. "It's only a dinky little ranch, but even if it were a paradise, that sort of life is the last thing in the world I could stand for. We'll all be back here in Highlands some day."

Windsor Ferris, the fourth member of the party, struggled with a recalcitrant shutter until its rusty hinge yielded to the pressure of his strong athletic hands, and a flood of winter sunlight poured through the old-fashioned room. He walked to the fireplace and examined the huge brass andirons, handsome despite the discolorations of age. "These are worth quite a bit," he observed, after a careful scrutiny. "In fact

this room alone holds a fine collection of old things. And you can't sell any of them, Arley? That really is too bad!"

"I don't want to sell them. If we ever really get this place, Tom and Mother and I, I'm going to restore it and live here. We may be poor as moles, and we shall be for awhile, because every Wainwright dime was wasted in getting my charming artist uncle out of trouble. But I'm going to have a profession and I'll soon make good. I'm planning to be an interior decorator and have an antique shop in the south wing. Don't you think I'll make a go of it, Mary Lou?"

"It's as certain as summer, and I'll make Mother be your first customer," promised Mary Lou. "Oo—h!" she exclaimed in rapture over the discovery of a Winthrop desk against the wall. "Come here, Larry, and view this priceless treasure."

"And then follow us upstairs," Arley told them. "I want you all to see the family portraits."

As they climbed the stairs, Win linked his arm possessively in Arley's. "Sure you're going to do this decorating stuff?" he demanded teasingly.

"Why, of course, Win." In spite of the cold, Arley blushed at the subtle warmth in his tone. Win had a charming way with girls, against which Arley was not at all proof. During this year, when he had been the University's star fullback, it had meant much to her to receive his marked attention.

Upstairs it was Larry who released the heavy shutters and sent the light streaming down the hall. "What's this?" he demanded, coming back to stand in mock awe before a row of life-sized portraits which lined the wall. "Past presidents of the lodge?"

"Past and present Wainwrights," answered Arley. "Aren't they imposing? That pretty blonde at the end in the crackled frame is Elizabeth Arleigh, an English noblewoman who married my great-grandfather, the first Thomas Schuyler Wainwright. I was named for her, though Mother discarded the old-fashioned spelling as stiff."

"How lovely!" gurgled Mary Lou excitedly. "And isn't that the famous cameo she's wearing?"

Arley nodded, her eyes on the pearl encircled jewel which lay against her forbear's stately throat. "Before she died, Grandmother Wainwright gave it to me because of my name. And this," she added, leading the way down the hall to pause before another likeness on the wall, "is my Uncle Anthony."

The quarter tarried for a moment before the portrait of a dark-haired man with weak mouth and discontented eyes. Then Win closed the blinds and the young people, after a short reconnoiter of the second story, descended to the main floor and went out to the waiting car.

"Haircloth and walnut and musty smells," remarked Larry Parsons, with a supercilious sniff as he helped the girls into the car. "No disrespect to your great-grans, Arley,

but I'll take my black walnut growing. And if you bury yourself in any old relic shop, I'll fly over and drop bombs on you."

Arley smiled good-naturedly. Larry, with the liberty of an old friend, could tease her all he chose and it did not matter. He was an aviator, with a passion for out-of-door adventure. Naturally he could not understand how she felt.

"Just the same, that old place is valuable," commented Win as they rolled away down the snowy highway. "Haven't you tried to trace your uncle, Arley?"

"Yes, in every way we could," answered Arley regretfully. "Mother made quite an effort at first. Money was scarce and she wanted to educate Tom and me. But we couldn't find any trace of him. He used to turn up every so often to get more money, but he hasn't been heard from now for years. That's why I'm sure he's dead. Uncle Joel came to our rescue. He's putting me through college."

It was in keeping with Arley's nature to speak frankly of her poverty. Her friends must take her as she was. Yet she did want them to think well of her, especially Win. She and Win and Mary Lou were college mates, and Larry, too, had been one of them until he had left the year before to enter the aviation school. Mary Lou was her best friend and understood her, and Larry, matter-of-fact and jolly, cared little for externals. But Win had been impressed by Highlands, and she was glad. As the car rolled down the highway along the windswept river bluff, Arley nestled under the soft fur robes and considered the day a real success. This excursion into her past had shed a glamor which would assure her a definite niche in Win's esteem. He was important and liked important things. He could see how much she mattered now.

The short daylight hours were yielding to winter dusk by the time the young people reached home, and the huge blazing fireplace in the Wyatt home looked inviting. After dinner they grouped around it, and Win gave them amusing imitations of popular singers, thrumming chords on the piano for his accompaniment.

"Mother, was there any mail?" Mary Lou jumped up with a sudden thought.

"Oh yes, two letters on the tray in the hall," answered Mrs. Wyatt. "One of them for you and one is for Arley."

Mary Lou ran to examine her mail, read the letter through under the hall lamp and frantically beckoned Arley to come. "Great news, Arley," she whispered excitedly. "Kate Webster's promised not to run for girls' president next year, and a bunch of us are going to pull for you."

Arley's cheeks flushed with surging happiness.

"And here's your letter," said Mary Lou. "From your mother, isn't it? Sit here and read it by the lamp."

Arley dropped into a chair beneath the soft-shaded lamp and slit the end of the envelope. A letter from her mother was always eagerly welcomed, although ranch news was often deadly dull. But this would tell about their Christmas. She opened the closely written sheets, glanced down the first page, then went back and read from the beginning with shocked and unbelieving eyes.

"Just a bubble of trouble" Win was booming in the next room. What did they know of trouble in there? Larry was telling a brand new story and Mary Lou was off in a gale of laughter. They could laugh, thought Arley. She sat in numbed and frozen silence, catching the music and

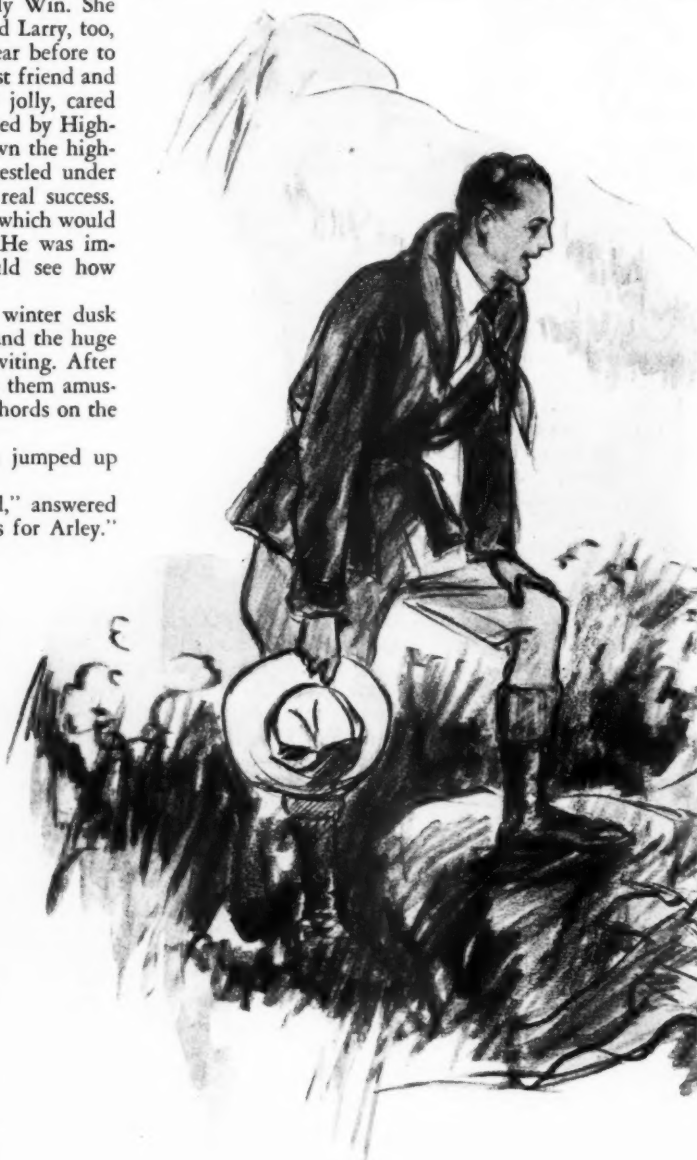
voices faintly as from a distant room, yet hearing each happy word and shrinking from the sound. The letter fluttered to her lap.

"Win, you stop!" Mary Lou expostulated gaily. "Larry, make him give my letter back."

A cruel lump rose in Arley's throat and she glanced, half afraid, toward the door. If this thing was true, how could she tell them? But it couldn't be true. There must be some mistake. She snatched the letter and read it through once again.

Yes, here it was, written in her mother's own hand. Uncle Joel had died suddenly. He had left them his ranch, but there was very little money since his annuity stopped at his death. For the present she must leave college. A check for her ticket was inclosed. And the last heart-breaking word "Come."

How could she break this dreadful news to her gay and happy friends? They would comfort her, of course. "I'll fly out and see you," she could hear Larry say. And Win



"HELLO!" IT WAS A MASCULINE VOICE. ARLEY LOOKED UP, STARTLED. "HELLO," SHE

would be consoling, too. "Remember the team's coming West to play Stanford next fall." But she could not bear their comfort yet.

Stifling a sob, Arley crushed the letter in her hand and ran upstairs to her room.

Mighty changes and events can transpire within a week. An airplane circles the globe, an insignificant assassination throws the whole world into carnage, a life is torn loose from its moorings and set adrift among unknown shoals. This had happened to Arley Wainwright.

As she sat in the observation car of a westbound train one morning a week later it seemed to her that a year had elapsed since that happy carefree evening about the Wyatt hearth. Her school life had come to a sudden end, her belongings were packed and stored, and she sat looking out through smoky-latticed snowsheds at mountains which, though sun-kissed and majestic, seemed to her bitter disappointed eyes to be draped in gloom.

The whole trip had been tumultuous. In Chicago her train had been late and only a mad dash across town in a taxi had enabled her to make her Pacific connection. Even then, she would have missed it had not a burly middle-aged fellow passenger signaled the conductor and run forward to boost her and her bags on board. She had thanked him

politely but had resented his efforts to pursue the acquaintance later on. And now it was the morning of the last day. Tonight the train, still draped with the snow of a mid-west blizzard, would come to rest upon the shores of the Pacific. And, still wretched and rebellious, she had dressed early to escape the breakfast-seeking throng and fled to the observation car to be alone.

"Hello, Miss Early-bird," boomed a hearty voice.

Arley hastily brushed her cheeks with her handkerchief. She had been crying, and this big bluff man who had assisted her in embarking was the last person in the world whom she wished to have spy upon her weakness. He had told her his name the first day, Peter Dunstan, but she had told him nothing of herself. She was sure she did not like him. He talked loudly, joked and boasted in a way that seemed to her very boorish. "Good morning, Mr. Dunstan," she replied, turning her head politely. Then she quickly looked away.

Peter Dunstan settled into a large chair beside her with disarming friendliness. "Well, we're getting back to God's country today," he announced cheerfully. "Golly! I'll be glad to set my foot on the old red sod again. Next time we stop I'm going to get out and jump on it."

Arley rested her cheek upon her hand and stared out of the window in unresponsive silence.

"Come a long way?" he inquired, not to be shaken from his conversational mood.

"I came from New York," answered Arley briefly.

"I just came from New York myself," stated Dunstan breezily. "Had a mighty successful trip, too. Contracts here that will more than boost my business for the next year." He patted his pocket significantly. "You're one of these tourists, I suppose."

"No," replied Arley, surprised into a rush of bitter confidence. "I wish it were that. I've come to join my mother and brother on my uncle's place in Bear Basin. We're going to live there."

"Bear Basin? Fair enough!" spoke the big man. "That's pretty near home for me. I suppose you like the prospect?"

"No," confessed Arley, "I don't. My uncle, Joel Howard, came out years ago and he seemed to like it. But I know I shall loathe it if I have to stay."

Peter Dunstan looked down at her with an inscrutable gleam in his keen steel-blue eyes. "H'm! So you're Howard's niece, eh?" His voice had grown suddenly hard. "Well, that's a good one on me." He paused, drawing his heavy brows together in a forbidding scowl. After a moment's silence he resumed his cheerful conversational tone.

"What makes you feel that way about coming West?"

To her own amazement, Arley found herself loosing some of the pent-up emotions she had restrained throughout the journey and telling this big stranger about college, about the Wainwrights, and her dream of restoring Highlands to the place it once had been.

"I had a mess of forefathers myself," said Dunstan thoughtfully, "and a spunky lot they were too, like yours. Indian fighters in Michigan. My first ancestral home wasn't much but a log hut, I guess. Still it kept the snow out, and that's mostly what a house was for in those days. Frame houses came later, but they weren't fancy either. My folks were real pioneers and we didn't let the line die out like you've done."

"What do you mean by that?" Arley flared.

"We didn't lose our pioneering spirit," said Dunstan. "'Face West' was the way my father used to (Continued on page 36)



GASPED. "WHO ARE YOU?"



By MARGARET NORRIS

Square Pegs

NOT long ago a teacher in a western university in charge of the vocational work of the students asked the girls in her class to write down, first, the kind of job each was planning to take and, second, what she liked best to do.

"In more than half the cases," this teacher told me, "the two were as far apart as the poles.

"For instance, the star athlete of the school, the girl who always won honors in track, tennis, basketball and hockey, wrote down, as her career, *statistician*. Another girl with an outstanding flair for dress, who designed her own clothes and loved doing it, was planning to be a librarian.

"In neither case would the chosen career permit the girl to indulge her natural talents. The athlete would spend her days chained to a desk juggling figures with meticulous accuracy. When I asked her why she had chosen this work she explained someone had told her that the expert statistician was well paid and never out of a job.

"The girl who loved clothes would spend her days working among dusty tomes with people who had little interest in dress—at least who did not talk of it during business hours. She might earn as good a salary designing clothes, selling them in a shop, or eventually much more as a professional stylist, an expert on the subject of fashions. When I asked her why she was planning to become a librarian instead, she said library work was so *refined* she was sure she would be happy in it.

"It is this kind of thing," said this teacher, "that makes for misfits in the business world who are miserable at their

jobs. Unless your interests dovetail with your job, how can you be happy there? And if your work is not congenial, how can you be successful in it? A woman in a job she doesn't enjoy is a square peg in a round hole. She rattles around trying to adjust herself to it, restless and discontented, constantly casting about for a change, yet

always afraid to make the change and strike out anew."

Now, according to vocational experts, lots of trouble would be saved if the girl who must earn her living would use intelligence in choosing her job—think it over sensibly before she plunges into it for better or worse. It is shortsighted to choose work at random just because the salary is good at the start, or because the work seems easy. If it doesn't hold your interest, you won't go far in it. So many opportunities are open to girls today that each one should be able to find something for which she is exactly suited—provided she sets about it with her eyes open.

Of course, it was not always like this. In that era before the war, when the young girls of the present were either babies or not born at all, there were only a few things a woman could do and still remain within the limits of conventional society. She might be a teacher or a trained nurse, a librarian or an interior decorator or, perhaps if she were very daring, she might run a tea shop. For a woman to make a name for herself in banking, law or medicine was so unusual in those days as to merit a headline story. Even if she had the artistic ability to do creative work in drawing, painting, writing, dancing or the like, it was difficult to capitalize on it, and still be considered a lady. If she had to earn her living and lacked the courage to be a pioneer, only a few occupations were open to her.

But the war changed this. Women found that they had to fill jobs vacated by men. One of the astounding phenomena of the world since 1914 is the rush of women to the fore in every type of work under the sun, from science and the professions to driving airplanes. Statistics today list 161 occupations which women have entered with success. Now, if a girl wants to startle the world by taking up something new, she will have trouble finding it.

It is expensive to find the right work by the trial and error method—by trying first this and then that until by chance you drift into the right thing. It is expensive of income and tragically expensive of time. One expects to begin at the bottom when young—but the years go by so fast and the older one is, the more it hurts to fall and the more courage it takes to start over again.

For instance, I know a young woman who, after a year or two out of college, decided she wasn't contented idle. She wanted a job. Following the line of least resistance, she





in Round Holes

*Decorations by
Earl B. Winslow*

took a commercial course and became secretary to a busy executive. But she was not suited to desk work; she chafed at the confinement and left before she was asked to leave. Again rose the question of what she should do. About this time she discovered a friend who was very successful as a physical director in a woman's college.

"Why can't I be a physical director, too?" she asked. "It would give me more freedom than desk work. Of course, I've never shone in athletics and I'm not a graceful dancer but I'm healthy and strong, and I can learn."

So, at the age of twenty-five she enrolled in a normal school for an expensive course of physical training—only to learn very quickly that she lacked the physical agility to make her a success in this work. Things that were easy for the other girls—rhythmic dancing, apparatus work, stunts on the bars and the leather horse—were to her painfully difficult. Mentally, she was clever; physically she was not, and her awareness of her own awkwardness caused her constant embarrassment. But by tremendous will power and the resolve that she *would not* fail, she finished the course and got a position as physical instructor in a high school.

But here again she was not a success. The work offered her no future; her best judgment told her to get out. So, after a year of struggling she left it to become a reporter on a Chicago newspaper at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. But what did she care for salary now? She loved her new work, so she got ahead fast. Here she found her niche, for she wrote well, had a nose for news and was what the editor called "a good go-getter." But by now she was almost thirty and how she regretted those years she had spent taking dictation and trying to learn to turn cart-wheels!

To learn how girls may avoid stumbling blindly into the wrong occupation, I called upon Miss Harriet Houghton, a vocational expert, who for many years has made a science of fitting the girl to the proper job. For several years she had charge of the placement work in the Young Women's Christian Association in Chicago. Now she is at the head of the vocational bureau of the American Woman's Association in New York, an organization of more than four thousand business and professional women, the largest of its kind in the world. Miss Houghton is an attractive young woman with dark hair, brown eyes and bright cheeks and her long association with job-hunting girls has made her an ex-

tremely interesting and easy person with whom to talk.

"If a timid girl tells you she has no specialty but has her living to make, how do you advise her?" I asked, thinking of the hundreds of girls in this very predicament.

"First, I try to find the reason for her timidity," said Miss Houghton. "It may be only temporary embarrassment. She is new at the business of job hunting and frightened by the idea of holding one. Or, she may come from a sheltered home where recent financial reverses have made it necessary for her to work and the prospect bewilders her. With a little experience in the outside world, she may become as bold and dashing as anyone.

"But if I find she is inherently shy, I try to put her in touch with work where her contact with the public will be gradual. For instance, I suggest research work, or a secretaryship in which she will not be obliged to represent her employer. Or she might make a good statistician, or a laboratory technician. As she develops enthusiasm for her work, she may overcome her timidity and be capable of executive work.

"Of course," continued Miss Houghton, "every girl to get ahead must be able to meet the public pleasantly, yet there are plenty of capable women who never make good executives. There are some people who work best alone and some who work best with others. The girl with creative ability, the artist, musician or writer, is usually of the lone worker type. The psychologist calls her an 'individualist.' Yet in order to sell her wares she must have certain qualities of salesmanship—the pleasanter and wider her contacts, whatever her field of endeavor, the faster she gets ahead."

"How about the aggressive girl?" I asked. "Is she easier to place than the timid one? Or is her aggressiveness a drawback—something she must overcome?"

"It depends on what form her aggressiveness takes," replies the diplomatic Miss Houghton. "Sheer aggressiveness always works against you. (Continued on page 43)





"SEEN 'THE DANFORD DAILY' THIS MORNING?" I GREETED HER. "BIG DOINGS"

Mary Ellen Taps

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

MARY ELLEN SCOTT was sitting in The Den eating toast and soft boiled eggs when I breezed in, carrying our school paper under my arm. "Seen *The Danford Daily* this morning?" I greeted her. "Big doings. Mimes, the all-male dramatic organization on campus, is going to put on a revue next month. Heard of the Mimes?"

"Sure," said Mary Ellen innocently. "That's where they find coal, isn't it? Coal mimes, silver mimes, copper—"

"This year," I interrupted with a grin, "they're going to allow coeds to take part in the show. They've never done it before, and it ought to be fun."

Mary Ellen, now a senior at Danford College, eyed me speculatively. "And I suppose," she said, "you want me to take some kind of a part."

"I had thought of it," I admitted. "My idea was that we could take some dancing lessons together and do a specialty. They haven't arranged for any yet, in the dance line."

"Sounds good," Mary Ellen commented, "but so does a bridge across the Atlantic. What I mean is, I've had no stage experience. I don't know a footlight from a headlight."

"You can't discourage me," I smiled. "I've made up our minds that we're going to do a 'double' in *The State Street Follies*, and so you're going to listen to me. You've heard of Roy McKenzie, of course."

"Doesn't he have a dance studio around here somewhere?"

"Right. He teaches tap and soft shoe. He's a real 'hooper' and knows all that's worth knowing about tap dancing. I thought you and I could take a series of ten lessons, learn a couple of routines, and get into the Mimes show as 'Scott and Scott, the Unrelated Twins', or something."

Mary Ellen regarded me seriously for a moment. "It sounds like a lot of fun, Bob," she said. "Do you think we could work it up in a month? We'd have to learn fast."

"Absolutely," I assured her. "A lot of fellows at the house have taken lessons from Roy and they say it isn't half so hard as it looks, or sounds."

"All right," said Mary Ellen. "I'm for it."

"Fine! I'll call Roy right away and we can start this afternoon."

Roy's studio consisted of two chairs in the otherwise

Illustrations by Catharine Lewis

bare living room of a house on Oakland Avenue. Roy was performing some intricate tapping steps to a tune from a portable phonograph when Mary Ellen and I walked in, and we stood watchfully by until he reached over and shut off the machine.

"I wasn't trying to show off," he laughed. "Just thought of a couple of new steps and wanted to go through them before they slipped my mind."

I introduced Mary Ellen and told Roy what we wanted. "I think we can manage that," he said. "You both have a sense of rhythm, haven't you?"

"I think so," Mary Ellen said. "I have no trouble dancing to music, and Bob plays the drums."

"Good," he nodded. "It helps a lot, although as a matter of fact, anybody who can learn to beat time to music can learn to tap. You're just that much ahead of the game."

"Well, we're all ready to start," I said.

"Did you bring tap shoes with you?" Roy asked.

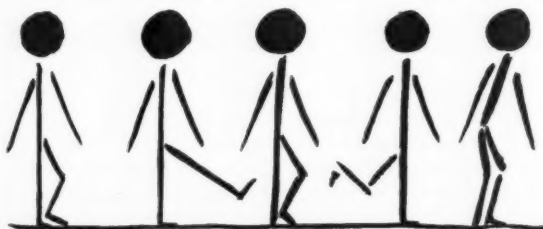
"No," I admitted. "I thought we'd ask you about that first."

"Well," said Roy, "if you don't want to buy regular tap shoes, you can get the taps at Stanley Osborne's, and a shoe repair man will attach them to your dancing shoes in a jiffy. You can do without them today, but bring them with you next time. Also, bring some gym clothes. It's hot work, this tap dancing, and you'll want to dress as though you were playing basketball or any other kind of strenuous indoor game."

"It doesn't look like hot work," I hazarded.

"You wait," he grinned. "I'll give you ten minutes! All right, let's get down to brass tacks. The first thing you should know is that, in tap dancing, the body must be erect but relaxed; if it isn't, it tends to make you look and feel awkward and stiff. The arms should swing naturally with the movements of the body and feet. Now, stand together there in the center of the floor and do this."

He stood in front of us with his weight on the right foot and swung the left foot forward and back, bending the leg at the knee and scraping the floor with the left toe at the point on a line with



THE SHUFFLE—TOE BRUSHES FLOOR, LEG SWINGS FORWARD, TOE BRUSHES THE FLOOR, LEG SWINGS BACK, FOOT RESTS ON THE FLOOR, READY TO BEGIN THE SHUFFLE STEP WITH OTHER FOOT

the right foot—one scrape as the foot swung forward, and another as it swung back. That surely looked easy enough.

We followed suit, swinging our left legs forward and backward; straightening them out each time our toes swung out in front of us, bending them at the knee when our feet swung back of us, and scraping the floor lightly each time the toes of our shoes passed across the imaginary line on which we were standing. After we had done that twenty or thirty times, we shifted the weight to the left leg and swung the right until we had acquired a sense of ease and balance.

"When your toe scrapes or brushes the floor and remains in the air—either in front or in back of you—it's called a shuffle," Roy explained. "What you've been doing is a double shuffle, or double brush."

We nodded.

"Now let's try a tap," he went on. He stood with both feet together and slapped the right toe rapidly on the floor. "That's a tap," he said. "The toe is tapped down but the heel is kept off the floor. Try it—"

"Now with the left foot," said Roy. "And after you've done that, tap with each foot twice, alternately."

At first it was confusing but after five minutes of practice we could tap at a fairly rapid pace. Mostly it was a matter of keeping our ankles loose and flexible.

"One of the most important rules in tap dancing," Roy told us, "is to learn to do all the steps with both feet. When you get further along you'll find that some steps are easy for the right foot and much more difficult for the left, but you should learn to do all steps equally well with both."

Mary Ellen executed a double brush and a tap. "And now," she said, "are we ready for bigger and better things?"

"Don't rush me!" laughed Roy. "I'll get confused! Well, let's do a waltz clog time-step. The waltz clog is much easier for beginners, so we'll start on that. Later on, I'll give you some fox trot steps for the show—right now, though, we'll work with the simplest routines we can."

"The waltz clog time-step is done this way: Step on left foot; brush right foot forward and back, quickly; step on the right foot, then step on left foot, quickly. It's counted this way, in three-four time: one, two-three, four-five. The two and three, as well as the four and five, are counted very quickly."

We picked that up in a jiffy, and then reversed the step by starting it with the right foot. We were proud of ourselves.

"Good work," said Roy. "Now drop that and we'll do what is called a break. Look. Step flat on the left foot, brush the right foot forward, then hop on the left foot, and step forward on the right foot. Easy? Just like one, two, three, four."

It was easy but Mary Ellen and I went through it so many times that we finally stopped to rest. "You're right," she remarked, "it is hot work."

"Don't give up yet," smiled Roy. "Now that you know the principles of tapping, we're all set to

work out a simple routine. Watch this." He walked over to the phonograph, turned on *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*, and did a one-chorus routine using the steps we had just learned. "Simple?" he nodded. "You can do that same routine to *The Sidewalks of New York* and *Zwei Herten*, too."

Here is the whole routine as Roy danced it:

Starting with the left foot, and moving around in a circle, do six waltz clog time-steps and break with the left foot.

Next, standing in place, do a waltz clog time-step first with the left foot and then with the right. Then step flat on the left foot, step flat on the right, then lift the left foot up in back of the right knee and hit it with the right hand; step flat on left foot, lift right foot up in back of left knee and hit it with the left hand; and then step flat on right foot. This step takes two measures, or six beats, like this: First beat, step on left foot; second beat, step on right foot; third beat, lift left foot up in back of right knee and hit it with right hand; fourth beat, step on left foot; fifth beat, lift right foot up in back of left knee and hit it with the left hand; sixth beat, step flat on the right foot.

Repeat the steps described in the last paragraph three times. Then do two more time-steps and a left break.

Then facing left, do six waltz clog time-steps forward, and break left. This brings you to the finish of the chorus.

At first Mary Ellen and I went through it very slowly until we had eliminated all false moves, and at the end of the hour's lesson we could go through the routine without a hitch. We had to learn to do this waltz really well before Roy would take us on to the fox trot rhythm.

Two days later we had another lesson—fox trot rhythm this time. Now fox trot time is a bit more difficult than the waltz clog, so I'm not going to go into it very much here. Just to give you an idea of its characteristics, though, I'll tell you how the time-step and a break are executed, and then I want to tell you what happened to Mary Ellen and me on the opening night of *The State Street Follies*.

The fox trot time-step sounds like this: dit-dit DAH, dit-dit DAH, dit-dit DAH, with the accent on the DAH. It's nothing more than a double brush forward and back, taking one beat, with a tap on the second beat. The even rhythm of a fox trot tune—one, two, one two, or one, two, three, four—is easy to follow with this step. Starting on ONE, brush forward the right foot, then brush back, and tap on TWO. On THREE, brush forward the left foot, then brush back and tap on FOUR—the accent coming on the taps, or on beats TWO and FOUR.

The break is accomplished in seven beats, as follows:

1. Jump up and land on both heels.
2. Step back on left foot, keeping right toe and left heel in air. (Continued on page 46)



AT THE SOUND OF THE SMASH, MARY ELLEN FALTERED AND DID A LUDICROUS NOSE DIVE

Illustrations by
Joan Esley



ANGELICA INSERTED THE GIGANTIC KEY IN THE LOCK AND PUSHED OPEN THE HEAVY-HINGED DOOR

MISS Angelica Cary, aged seventeen, was going a-traveling. She sat back in old Mrs. Nelson's carriage and watched her reading Baxter's *Saints' Rest* without much interest, though Angelica was to have the volume when Mrs. Nelson had finished.

The reason Angelica was traveling was because she, having had a pretty bad case of measles, was left with what her father, Dr. Cary, called a weak chest. Mrs. Nelson, who was going with her seven sons to the brand new State of Florida, offered to take her down to that favored land for a winter of warmth, which would cure her effectually of her "measles' cough," besides giving her the opportunity of spending a lovely time with Cousin Sally Carter, her step-mother Camilla's sister. Sally had written, urging her to come, telling of the pleasures in the little community, which was crowded with young people whose folks—the best families from "up home," which meant principally Virginia—were pioneers. And Cousin Sally would give Angelica a coming-out party, for now that she was through school, having just graduated from Miss Silver's Finishing School for Young Ladies, back in Baltimore, she was ready to enter society.

"And oh," mused Angelica, "what a perfectly beautiful dress Mother Camilla has given me!" In her enthusiasm she spoke: "All silver roses brocaded, and seed pearls edging the berth—"

"What did you say, child?" Old Mrs. Nelson put her hand to her ear, for she was a little deaf. "Something

of the carriage on his black pony and bowed low in a very grand manner, sweeping his big felt hat as if it had a plume, like that of a soldier or a lord in a story book. "Please to alight from your coach, ladies, and we will have the evening meal ready in a jiffy."

"Whoa!" called Big Simon, the carriage driver promptly. Little Simon, his son, who was six feet and seven inches, alighted from the seat beside his father and respectfully opened the door and helped the elder lady to alight, while Richard watched Angelica hop down lightly. "Some boys," she remarked loftily, "never seem to outgrow the days when they read *King Arthur's Knights*!"

"Humph, and some little girls always seem to be dreaming of, the day they'll turn into a Young Lady!"

"Awfully bad grammar, Rich. Dear me, doesn't that meat smell good!" She looked, with longing eyes, in the direction of a big fire of coals, over which the hunters of the party were cooking supper for the cavalcade. The six sons who were family men had left their wives and children back home, and brought instead some young men and hunters who were eager to invade the new territory; the young men to "grow up with the country," the older to find a hunter's paradise where, through the aisles of solemn pines, one might see tall-horned red deer grazing unafraid with flocks of magnificent wild turkeys sunning their green and gold and bronze plumage by the side of the wagon trail. Coveys of plump quail flew up from the grass at the horses' feet and when the travelers tired of game, there was always an abun-

about roses? I am glad I brought cuttings along with me. They say flowers grow down there like magic. Richard Baxter is a most edifying writer, Angelica, and you'll enjoy *Saints' Rest*. I'm almost through the book. Then you may have it."

"I'm so glad there're heaps of flowers," Angelica bawled, "and I'll be glad to read the book—but don't you hurry on my account!"

"I'm not deaf, child, that you should yell at me," Mrs. Nelson told her tartly. "How is your chest feeling this afternoon?"

Angelica begged her pardon for yelling, and said her chest was perfectly all right—perfectly!

"I thought I heard you cough, back a piece," Mrs. Nelson considered thoughtfully. "I think I shall have Nicey rub your chest with my goose-grease ointment, and put a large red flannel cloth over it when you go to bed. I think this will be our last night on the road—we've been coming three weeks, just think of it!"

Just then young Richard, Mrs. Nelson's youngest son of the seven rode up to the side

A Deed of Valor

dance of dainty fish in the creeks and rivers with which the land was watered; a mess might be caught any day, in a few minutes; the streams were teeming with them.

There was quite a train of wagons, bearing baggage, food and farm seed and implements. Stout field hands alone came with these, driving a portion of their masters' flocks and herds ahead of them. Their own women and children, too, had been left up in old Virginia, waiting the time they should all have good log cabins built for them in the new land, and the masters would return to take them all.

Richard, who had played with Angelica when they were children, frowned meditatively. "Seems to me I've read somewhere about meat being for men, not babes. I see Aunt Nicey getting ready to milk old Bossy, right now, so you can have your christening porringer your great-aunt sent you from England, filled for your supper with new, warm sweet milk! Think how good it will taste!"

But Angelica was not heeding—perceptibly, that is. She winced in private over the thought of that porringer of milk, which she did not like. But she was walking hastily towards the big campfire, to watch the cooking.

The wagon train always came on ahead of the old lady's carriage, and Delphy and Nicey, her own and Angelica's personal maids, were already busy over a small fire beside a great tent, which had been put up for their mistresses' comfort. They were boiling water in a big iron kettle and baking sweet wafers to go with the tea—baking them in long-handled wafer irons over the hot coals, and rolling them up while they were warm. There was a big platter full, so crisp that a touch would crumble them when cold. Little Simon brought the tea things in a basket from the carriage. The table was a couple of broad planks placed on trestles and cov-

By ANNE McQUEEN

ered with heavy damask, china dishes, silver forks and spoons and crystal goblets. Why, said old Mrs. Nelson,

shouldn't people eat like Christians, even if they did happen to be travelling?

The seven sons, all portly married men, except young Richard, now came up and took their seats. Richard bore a great tray of sliced venison, wild turkey, broiled quail and even a fat squirrel, barbecued nicely. Angelica, who walked beside him, snatched satisfying bits of turkey breast from the tray, which he pretended not to see. Richard, reflected Angelica, was a nice boy, though a great tease.

"No tea, Mother," said Mr. John, the eldest son, and the others politely declared they needed none. Little Simon later came up with a big, blackened coffee pot, and poured them all big cups of fragrant coffee, which Angelica eyed wistfully, knowing that tea was all she might expect.

Also, when she had to go to bed right away, Aunt Nicey, who had been given her by her father for her maid because she had served her mother, and was a wise old woman, rubbed her chest plentifully and scolded her. "I usen to rub your own ma when she was a gal, and she was like a lamb. Now you is a great big gal, most a young lady and you ought to be shame to act so!"

"I wish," moaned Angelica, "that I *was* a young lady, truly! I'd eat meat for supper, and never taste a sup of milk."

"Wait till you comes out, and has beaux," comforted Aunt Nicey, as she gave a final rub, "and now you done rubbed and said your prayers, you kin go to sleep."

Angelica managed to "lose" the flannel as soon as Aunt Nicey had left the tent, to seek her own bed with Delphy in their comfortable baggage wagon with its cover like a roof.

They were all up by daylight, respectfully waiting to fold up the tent when Mrs. Nelson and Angelica had



"CONVENTIONS," SHE SAID SEVERELY, "SHOULD BE OBSERVED, ANGELICA"

finished their careful toilets and were ready to move on.

"Even traveling in the wilderness is no reason one shouldn't look like a Christian," was Mrs. Nelson's opinion. She donned a black silk with lace cuffs and collar, her best shawl and her new bonnet, while Angelica, protesting, was forced into a new merino of warm wine color, with a black velvet hat adorned with a drooping plume that swept onto her shoulder. The plume was held in place by a big gold buckle, and the hat was heavy. The dress was warm, and the cape made of the same material and lined with bright satin, was held together with three small gold buckles, and in the soft southern climate, the costume was hot—almost unbearably hot. Still, she must look like a Christian, and not make Cousin Sally Carter ashamed of her.

She loosed the cape and slipped it back, but Mrs. Nelson firmly refused to allow her to take off her hat.

"Conventions," she said severely, "should be observed, Angelica. I came down here to see that my boys lived like Christians and not savages. We must set them a good example in our dress and manners."

Mr. John and his brothers and the men who had come with them

all rode horse-back, scorning carriages or wagons. Now he gave his horse to another and got into the carriage, to show Big Simon the way. Mr. John had been down before, and knew all about the settlement.

"Town site already been laid off by engineers, streets named, buildings going up in course of time. Fine brick burned right on the plantations, and best timber—cypress for shingles and wells, heart-pine, cedar, cherry—of course most people live in log cabins, now, but they know they'll have fine homes after

awhile. Your Cousin William Carter is the banker, Angelica, and keeps the wealth of the settlement in the safe in his own house. Folks say he keeps a lot of treasure in that safe; they give him jewels and so on, too."

"Goodness, John, I believe I'll give him my pearls to keep," said his mother. "I don't know why, but I always carry them around with me. Your father's wedding gift. Makes him seem nearer to me, somehow, though he's long been gone." She sighed, and Angelica was glad that she had no jewels to worry over—yet. Of course, when she became a Young Lady she would.

They saw a few cabins, wide and comfortable, along the way, and they saw, too, an occasional brick house, solid and handsome, with a yard filled with flowers and grand trees shading them. They went along a trail Mr. John said was the principal "avenue" at the end of which the banker's cabin was set, in a magnificent grove of live oaks and

magnolias, and with a yard crammed with flower beds near the house, which was low and wide spreading, with a veranda all around it.

Mr. John halloaed lustily, and at once people came running forth from the wide doors. Gay voices called, "Miss Sally, Marse William, here come you' kinfolks from ole Virginny!" And in the rear a plump and pretty lady came hastening, followed more sedately by a tall gentleman who was Cousin William, of course.

"Oh, child, I *am* so glad to see you!" Cousin Sally exclaimed, hugging her tightly. "I was so afraid maybe the— the freebooters had got you all!"

"Sally, stop talking nonsense. No freebooters around; just tales from the coast. You talk as if the woods were full of pirates! Welcome to our home, Angelica, and you all!" And Cousin William kissed Angelica on her nose and shook hands with the rest, while the old women were embracing Angelica and telling her how pretty she was, and old Nicey was laughing and crying and embracing the old cronies she had known back in Virginia, and assuring them all that her young mistress would be

the belle of any city when she came out, let alone the backwoods!

They lifted out Angelica's baggage, and Mrs. Nelson handed Mr. Carter a package, begging him to keep it in his safe, since she was such a simpleton as to bring it along. "My pearls, William," she whispered loudly. "You remember my husband? He gave them to me. And thank you so much, Sally, but Mary Page would be much offended, for she's been looking for us. Had a lovely journey, three weeks, when it usually takes four. We'll be getting on, and we hope to

see you and Angelica right away. Come soon, won't you?"

"And we just put supper on the table, too," mourned the group of servants loudly, "but come on, Miss Angelica, and let's see that pretty frock in de light!"

They all "mirated" a plenty over the merino, the cape and the big plumed hat, Cousin Sally as well as the rest. But Mr. Carter had hastened away to lock up old Mrs. Nelson's pearls, and met them at the supper table.

"A bit of old Virginia ham, Angelica?" asked Cousin William, carving into what he called "rose leaves," a ham only Virginia could have produced. "We thought you were tired of game, so as we still have a dozen or so of our old hams, Sally has kept one cooked for you."

Angelica, forgetting the rule that only young ladies ate meat for supper, accepted with a thankful heart the plate piled with wafer-like slices, for she was hungry indeed.

"Those freebooters, Cousin (Continued on page 33)



"WILL YOU OPEN THE BALL WITH ME, MISS CARY?" HE ASKED

Given a Face

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell



PRETTY MOUTHS ARE SOFT AND FLEXIBLE

ALL BABIES," we've heard loads of people say, "look alike." Which is not true. It is nearer to the truth, however, than that

all old people resemble one another. And so you have the answer to your question: "Can we change our faces?"

We cannot change our faces, if by change you mean turn blue eyes into brown or take half an inch off the end of our noses. At least we cannot do the first and it would take a pretty clever surgeon to attempt the second.

All we do need, most of us, is just a little common sense about how to use our faces as we grow older. For a face, like a character, cake or a garden, is partly natural but mostly made. Even the bony structure which we used to think was entirely due to family characteristics we now know may be developed, even changed by early diet. Muscle tone, which keeps that nice firm youthful line may be built. A fine-textured, clear, healthy skin is available to almost anyone who will take proper precautions. And, most important, we can, by regulating our moods and their expressions, really make ourselves look to a large extent like the persons we want to be.

The eyes, you will find, are the most important features in almost every face. Important not only to their possessors for the great work they do in seeing, but also important to others in their reflection of the thoughts and emotions behind them. Some people's mouths are more expressive than their eyes but for most of us eyes are the great liaison officers between ourselves and the world. What, then, should and can we do for them?

In the first place, we should keep them healthy. They are far too valuable to take chances with and their usefulness is also tied up with their beauty. Strained eyes often show a taut, anxious look and are apt to be accompanied by a bloodshot condition, red lids, squint wrinkles and forehead lines, none of which is lovely. Often, properly fitted eyeglasses can cure strained eye muscles so that after a few years wearing of them the condition is past. Certainly it's far better for young people to relieve their eyes of strain while they are young and study-bound than to let themselves in for a permanent eye condition when they are older.

There are certain precautions which it's well for everyone to take with the eyes.

Do not read in a poor light.

Do not read for long periods without interruption.

Change the focus of your eyes frequently by looking away from your book to some more distant object. Close the eyes every little while to "see dark."

Do not subject your eyes unshaded to too much glare and keep them from excessive exposure to harsh winds and dust.

Cleanse your eyes once daily with a solution of boric acid, preferably used with a dropper.

One of the great beauty experts says that the most beautiful youthful-looking eyes are the ones that are *wide open*. "Starry-eyed" they call it in books.

The area around the eyes is from a beauty standpoint almost as important as the eyes themselves. This flesh is extremely fine and delicate and wrinkles easily, and you should start early to think about not squinting. It's also a very good plan to use a little oily cream around your eyes each night to keep this skin from drying. The cream will also be good for your eyelashes. It will keep them shiny and flexible and help prevent them from breaking off.

If your eyebrows are thin, a little oily cream or vaseline may be rubbed on them. The oil makes them look darker and holds them to a smooth line. Unruly eyebrows are also helped by this treatment and you can train them, too, by using a small brush. Eyebrows should not be plucked to a thin line. This spoils the natural balance of the face. If they are extremely heavy, so that they meet over the nose, tweezers may be used to keep this space clear and to remove any straggly hairs that spoil the line of the brows.

The forehead is one of the loveliest parts of the face and should be shown more—and more often. Especially if the hairline is nice and not too high, an exposed forehead is much lovelier than one partially covered by hoops of hair. A good tip for foreheads is to watch facial mannerisms—scowls, excessive surprise or that worried look which makes paths that may eventually become permanent lines.

A long nose is said to be a sign of character and as a matter of fact it often lends great distinction to a face. Girls with big noses may study their hats and hairdressings and learn to give balance to their faces. But remember, it's always a better plan to play up a positive feature than to try to live it down apologetically!

The oil glands in the nose are sometimes overactive and extra care should be taken to clean the nose thoroughly. Pay special attention to the nose creases where dirt and oil are apt to congregate. Go lightly with cream on the nose if you notice an excess of oil. And do not get the habit of continually powdering a nose that shines. Constant rubbing with a powder puff only overstimulates the glands and clogs them with powder, giving them more work to do. Noses which get very red when subjected to sudden changes of temperature should have the shocks broken for them by the use of a protective cream or lotion, before they are taken out into the cold.

Many ugly noses, it's my opinion, are caused by persistent colds. The nose becomes inflamed and swollen. (Continued on page 41)



HABITS OF THOUGHT SHOW IN MOUTHS

By HUBERT EVANS

Illustrations by
Mary Ponton Gardner



IF THIS keeps up we might as well break camp and go home," Donna stated dejectedly.

Her friend, Flo Laurier, nodded and with rueful eyes continued to look about the tent which they had left in such shipshape order when they had gone for a walk only an hour ago. Then she sat wearily on the overturned grub box and looked up at her camping partner.

"If I were to come upon old Mrs. Compton and that husband of hers balanced on the edge of a thousand foot cliff that had heaps of jagged rock at the bottom, can you guess what I'd do?" she asked in a voice ominously controlled.

"I can, and I'd hold your hat while you did it." Donna's manner was grim. "But who'd ever guess that the pests ate breakfast food and raisins and one's best and only cake!"

Flo rose, her shoes crunching the sugar scattered on the floor boards of the tent. Where it lay thickest she pointed theatrically at the imprint of hoofs. "The cloven foot. The devil's in it," she quoted.

"I can understand people who keep cows but—"

A tantalizing bleat, which to the girls had the intonations of a jeer, floated across the small clearing, and from the tent door they saw the goat which had so recently succeeded again in playing havoc with their camp.

"Imagine the Comptons wanting to harbor a thing like that!" Donna broke out, glaring at the Comptons' pedigreed Swiss importation who stood with feet bunched on the flat top of a stump.

"And imagine calling it Mona Lisa!"

As if slyly taunting them, the goat lifted its head, wagged its straggling chin whisker and launched a second derisive "ba-aa" in the direction of the tent.

"These woods aren't big enough for us and—it," Flo exclaimed with finality. "One or the other must clear out."

"And it looks like our move," Donna concluded glumly.

It was maddening to be so helpless. After Mona Lisa's first invasion they had gone to old Dad Mather, the settler who owned the store at the steamboat landing and on whose property they had permission to camp, and had asked him if he could not persuade the Comptons to keep their goat at home. But the consumption of goat's milk was the Compton's latest food fad and, since they were among the old storekeeper's best patrons, his hands were tied. He had, however, suggested that the goat might be tethered in the Comptons' own wood lot. Whereupon Mrs. Compton had drawn in her series of chins, fixed the old timer with a cold and slightly protruding eye and mentioned that "they could always take their custom elsewhere." Mona Lisa did no harm, and Mrs. Compton had no patience with people who were prejudiced against goats, she announced.

Donna had moved the table and was sweeping the spilled sugar when her face brightened. "I've got it! We'll beat the Comptons at their own game."

"How?"

"By asking Tommy to lend us Bender. Talk won't help

us but who knows what an imp of an Airedale like Bender will do. Watch the tent, Flo. I'm going straight to the store and telegraph Tommy. He's our last hope, and I have a feeling that this hunch of bringing Bender here will work wonders."

"Ba-aa-a-a" came drawing across the clearing.

"Just you wait until Bender gets here," Flo shouted.

"Ba-aa," interrupted the goat. Then with lifted ears and lips set in the mocking curve strikingly suggestive of those of her namesake, Mona Lisa pivoted on her lookout and followed the departing Donna with inscrutable eyes.

At the store Donna telegraphed to Flo's cousin as follows:

PLEASE LEND US BENDER STOP S. O. S.

DONNA

That evening the answer came:

COURAGE STOP RESCUE PARTY STARTING STOP
MEET STEAMER TOMORROW

TOMMY

Bender's meeting with Mona Lisa promised well. The following noon as the girls came up the path after meeting the steamer the goat was just coming into sight at the far side of the clearing.

"Snooping again. Isn't that like her?" Flo commented as she stooped to release the Airedale straining at his leash. "Watch her, Bender," she added. "And whatever you do, keep her away from the tent."

Bender elevated his black button of a nose tip and sniffed the breeze. Then with an ear folded waggishly inside out, he gave the girls a backward glance as if saying, "I'll handle this situation," and started through the tall grass.

A moment later Mona Lisa was startled by a black and tan terrier in whose brown eyes imps of fun were dancing. She stabbed the ground with her front hoofs. "Ba-aa," she warned with lowered head.

Bender leaped back in feigned alarm. "Sound your 'G'" his urgent bark demanded. And when the goat gave a second thin bleat he cocked his head and with a far-away look in his eyes seemed to be gauging the accuracy of the note. Then yipping, he circled the long-faced stranger.

Like most of her kind, Mona Lisa had a cool head. She realized that this mad circling was more of a game than an attack. So, lowering her head with elaborate ferocity, she rushed at the Airedale, who swerved, thus giving her time to leap to the top of a stump. There she stared down, wagged her absurd chin whisker and looked mildly amused.

From the tent, the girls thought this assault was genuine. "Suppose he really hurts her," Flo suggested anxiously. "He won't. He's just making her see trespassers will be prosecuted. He'll put a stop to all her nonsense."

And for the next two days it seemed like that. True, Bender was not an unmixed blessing. Once when they were away he decided to shift his bed from the floor to Donna's cot, and when the girls came back they found he had pawed

the blankets into a disordered nest and, with whiskered chin angelically resting on folded forepaws, had gone to sleep there. When ordered to get down he stretched with exasperating slowness and assumed an injured air. "All the time pickin' on a fellow," his manner hinted.

"Out of it now," Donna urged.

"All right, all right," his heavy glance said, as with elaborate care he lowered one foreleg to the floor. "Want me to break a leg or something? Chap's got to go careful, up on a peak like this. My bones are brittle, remember."

Then when his absurd pantomime was over he stalked outside, sat down with his back to them and yawned.

However, like most of his forthright breed, Bender did not hold grudges and an hour later the girls saw him canter across the clearing just as Mona Lisa showed her sinful old face through the bushes.

"What a blessing Bender is!" Flo said. "Let's take our books to that mossy rock along the beach. The tent's getting hot."

But that afternoon they would have been wiser not to have trusted Bender so completely. Half an hour after they had gone, Mona Lisa lifted her head and stopped browsing to gaze toward camp.

Bender, who had been stalking a bumblebee, glimpsed this new intentness as he made a last pounce at the befuddled bee. Unfortunately for him his pounce succeeded. His white teeth clipped together and the bee was imprisoned.

"Wowsers!" Bender sneezed and staggered back as if from the recoil of a gun.

His exhalation of pain shot the bee into the grass. Bender hooked first one forepaw, then the other, and stroked his

"THEY'RE ONLY PLAYING," MR. COMPTON SHOUTED, WAVING A PAINTBRUSH, BUT HIS WIFE, BROOM IN HAND, WAS BEARING DOWN ON THE INTRUDERS



tingling muzzle. Then he shook himself so vigorously that he almost lost his footing, and approached Mona Lisa.

"See me give that bumbler what for?" his swagger suggested.

"Ba-a-aa," Mona Lisa commented.

Bender sat down abruptly. "Say that again," his cocked ears asked.

The goat complied.

The throaty bleat seemed to disgust Bender.

"Try for the chest note, Liz. Bhurp! Like that," he barked.

"Ba-aa!"

To the distant girls, the barks and fainter bleats were reassuring. The loyal Bender must be keeping the intruder in her place.

The last bleat disgusted the terrier. "Sound like some sniffin' Pomeranian, you do," he snorted.

Mona Lisa did not turn her head. Lifting each foot daintily and with her camel eyes on the white canvas she began mincing toward the tent. Bender jogged behind with jovial interest. Goats were strange creatures, he was finding out, but anything which would put some zest into an idle afternoon should, he felt, be encouraged.

When Mona Lisa reached the corner of the tent she hesitated. Then stretching her thin neck to its full reach, she peered inside with a blandness which could not hide her sly purpose. Up and down, back and across the interior her greenish eyes roved. Then she withdrew

MARY
FENTON
GARDNER

her head and looked archly back at Bender. "Do you suppose they'd mind?" her unctuous look hinted. "Let's step in, anyway."

Bender's every muscle was tingling with the promise of some new sport. He watched her sniff the table, the cots, the floor. Then she found a package of breakfast food.

With all the guile of a village gossip making a neighborhood call, Mona Lisa conveyed to the terrier the notion that they might investigate with profit. She upset the box and nonchalantly chewed a hole through the corner. Then with an air of sweet reasonableness she pushed her mouth into the hole and held the paper box aloft. As the breakfast food fell over her head her jaws moved rapidly.

Bender puckered his tousled forehead. "That's a new one," his look said. "Toss it over and let me have a go at it."

But Mona Lisa lifted her head higher and worked her jaws faster. Bender leaped and tried to snatch the box from her head and when he succeeded he and the goat rushed for it together. Back and forth like players dribbling a football they charged. In no time the tent and its contents were showered with wasted cereal.

At last, with a flicker of her tufted tail, which was her way of shrugging, Mona Lisa minced out of the tent. The sun was dropping low over the trees and the taste of the cereal reminded her that it would soon be milking time and that her mistress would have her basin of grain ready for her. She started purposefully across the clearing.

Bender didn't want the fun to stop. "Don't go away mad," he yipped as he raced after her. He swerved and dodged in front of her to make her change her mind but she would not be diverted. She kept on down the trail until they were on the grass plot behind the store. Then, sensing that she was a trifle beforehand, she began to browse again.

Bender, head to one side and ears lifted, watched as time after time she ran out a long tongue, looped it around a mouthful of food and neatly nipped it off.

Not to be bested, he sauntered to a tuft, clumsily seized a blade and chewed on it. The fact that the grass tickled his throat and made him gag violently did not lessen his appreciation of his cleverness. For the sake of displaying his skill he was seeking a second blade when Mona Lisa looked quickly toward the roof of the Compton bungalow showing through the trees.

"Mona Lisa! Mona Li-s-ah!" was wafted from the house in a throaty falsetto. "Mona Lisa!" came the voice to Bender's ears again.

"Ba-aa," the goat responded, advancing slowly as she sighted Mrs. Compton coming toward her under the maples.

Bender stood uncertainly as the woman approached. Then as his playmate moved away from him he barked truculently at Mrs. Compton.

"Go away," she ordered.

Bender's tail stub came up. "Rats!" he retorted loudly. Mrs. Compton picked up a stick. "Get home, you noisy beast, you," she commanded. She seemed to think Bender had been worrying her pet.

The lifted stick was a challenge no red-blooded terrier could ignore. Bender began circling the irate woman, yipping loud taunts.

Seeing people at the store looking at her predicament, with what she fancied was amusement, Mrs. Compton dropped the stick and pretended not to see the bothersome dog. With her hand on the goat's collar she moved off.

Bender stood disgustedly on the path, his front legs spread in a chesty imitation of a guardian bulldog as he watched her go.

"Get on home," Mrs. Compton called back, to which Bender responded with a loud bark which sounded suspiciously like "Blah!"

Feeling he had the best of the encounter, Bender jogged homeward. Memories of the tussle he and Mona Lisa had had in the tent were far from his mind as he entered camp.

An appetizing sizzling came from the fire. Then as he felt both girls' eyes on him his tail stub lost its jaunty erectness. But even as it drooped he tried to wave a jocular greeting. He could not, however, hide his sense of guilt. A crow in a treetop caught his eye.

"Out of there, you robber!" he roared.

The girls were not to be put off by so lame a diversion.

"A fine watch dog you are," Flo accused.

Bender gulped and looked to left and right behind him. But what was the use of running away? With a sigh he threw himself heavily to earth while Donna brought his leash and led him in disgrace to the nearest tree. As she tied him up, the raucous caws of the crow seemed like a taunt to Bender. He put the tree be- (Continued on page 42)

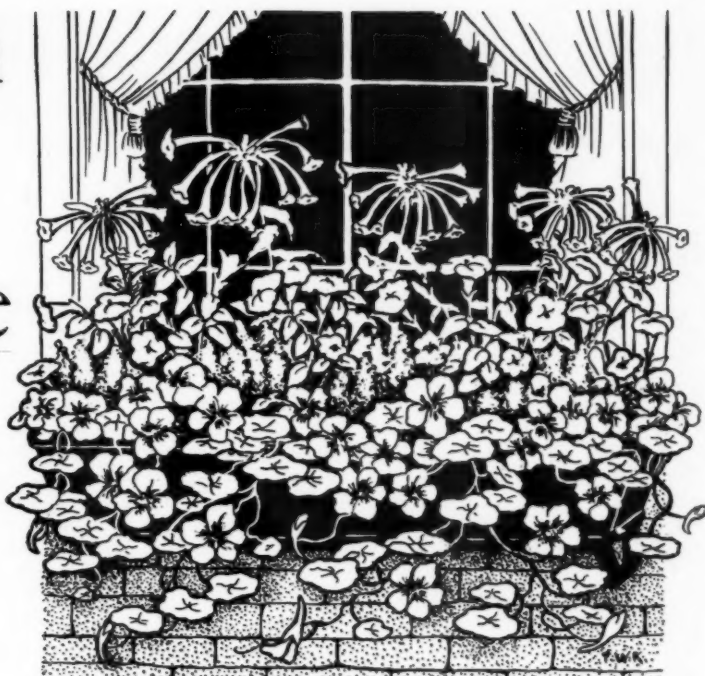


IT WAS EVENING BEFORE THEY HAD BENDER LOOKING AS AN AIREDALE SHOULD LOOK

A Garden Is an Adventure

By ALICE
QUACKENBUSH

Illustrations by
Pauline Kreutzfeldt



NASTURTIUMS ARE EFFECTIVE IN A WINDOW BOX, WITH TALLER PLANTS BEHIND



COSMOS FOR BACKGROUND

have never grown plants, this, too, is the month when you look wistfully at your seed catalogue-reading friends. Oh, for a bit of land!

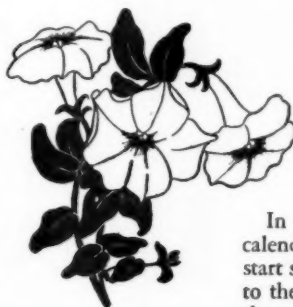
Everyone may have something in the way of green life about and this may be scaled to meet any condition of space or purse. In the city, there may be a few feet near the entrance, a tiny back yard, a section of the roof, even a balcony. Or lacking these, there can always be a window box. It sometimes seems that the smaller the plot, the greater the love of the owner. There is friendly intimacy in counting each new leaf and watching the development of a blossom from budhood to maturity. And, of course, in the country or the suburbs, to grow flowers is a part of gracious living.

This year, I beg you, become sisters of the hoe as well as of the tennis racket. Call gardening what you will: relaxation, income, beauty—never fail to call it adventure. For of all buried treasure, that which is hidden in a seed will return the fullest measure of thrill.

Many a potential gardener is turned aside from this worthy calling because of mistakes at the start. And the most serious one is taking on too much work—a pitfall

TO THOSE who garden, this is the month when a seed catalogue is the most interesting reading obtainable. Spring is coming. We vision a homeland of gay blooms in the nearest of near future. Already, we are deep in the delightful task of making up a list of annuals for the coming season. There will be old friends that must not be neglected, new ones to welcome, possibly a few of the previous year to reject as unsuited to taste or site. If you

reject as unsuited to taste or site. If you



PETUNIAS GROW EASILY

for even an experienced horticulturalist. I know, because in this respect, it's "follow what I say, not what I do." Spring is such a sweet time that it seems absurd to recall the searing heat of summer; catalogues are alluring and success is in the air. Success is not difficult if you follow a few simple rules and do not uncover more ground than you are able to cultivate without unduly taxing either your strength or time.

And so, I suggest that we confine ourselves to annuals and those alone which may be grown easily in any part of the United States. An annual, as you probably know, is a plant whose life cycle—germination of seed, growth to maturity, flowering, fruiting, death—is completed in one season. It is no more difficult to grow perennials from seed than annuals, but they seldom flower the first year and it is quite understandable that a beginner wants to see results as soon as possible. By the use of annuals, a garden may be made bright with color within a few weeks from the sowing of seed.

In the extreme north, where the spring of the calendar is not the spring of reality, it is well to start seeds indoors. Later they can be transplanted to their more permanent outdoor homes. This is done most conveniently in shallow boxes called

"flats." Sow the seeds in rows and thin when the first green appears. The rule for all sowing of seed is about twice the depth of its size. Keep the ground moist and, when possible, in full sunshine until the tiny seedlings appear. After this, care should be taken not to allow the young
(Continued on page 46)



ZINNIAS ARE COLORFUL

Polly What's-Her-Name

MR. KING, when they reached his office, was as excited as though he owned the Texas land option instead of Jane. "Oil! Oil!" he kept repeating. "Do you realize what this piece of news means? Do you know that this means a fortune, my dear?"

Jane sat back in her chair and looked at him calmly. But when the lawyer told her that she had better leave soon for Houston, as long as he could not go for her, she sat up straighter in growing interest.

"By soon do you mean in a week or so, or tomorrow?" she inquired.

Mr. King tapped his desk nervously. "You must get that option into the hands of your Houston lawyer as soon as possible," he returned. "Of course you could send it by registered mail, but I think, as long as you are contemplating a trip to Texas, you might as well go now and deliver the option personally. I must leave for Montreal later this evening to be gone indefinitely. That is why I cannot act

By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

Illustrations by C. J. McCarthy

for you. You should go at once."

Jane rose promptly. "Then Polly and I had better say good-bye," she exclaimed smilingly.

"We must go home and make our plans for leaving. Those papers are all in order and I have signed everything that needs to be signed, Mr. King?"

Mr. King bundled some papers together and handed them to her. "Yes, everything is in order," he nodded. "But that option—have you that put away in a safe place? It is written in such a form—to Hubert Ellerton or his heirs or assignees—that once in anyone else's possession, it could easily be sold."

"Don't worry," said Jane, "I have that option in my own wall safe. Now, Polly, let's say goodbye and good luck to Mr. King."

The apartment seemed deserted when they reached home, after dining at a little restaurant in Greenwich Village. Kotowa, opening the door, informed them immediately that Miss Dalton had gone.

"What do you mean—gone?" asked Jane sharply.

"Gone—pack up!" repeated Kotowa, bowing anxiously, his usual smile vanished.

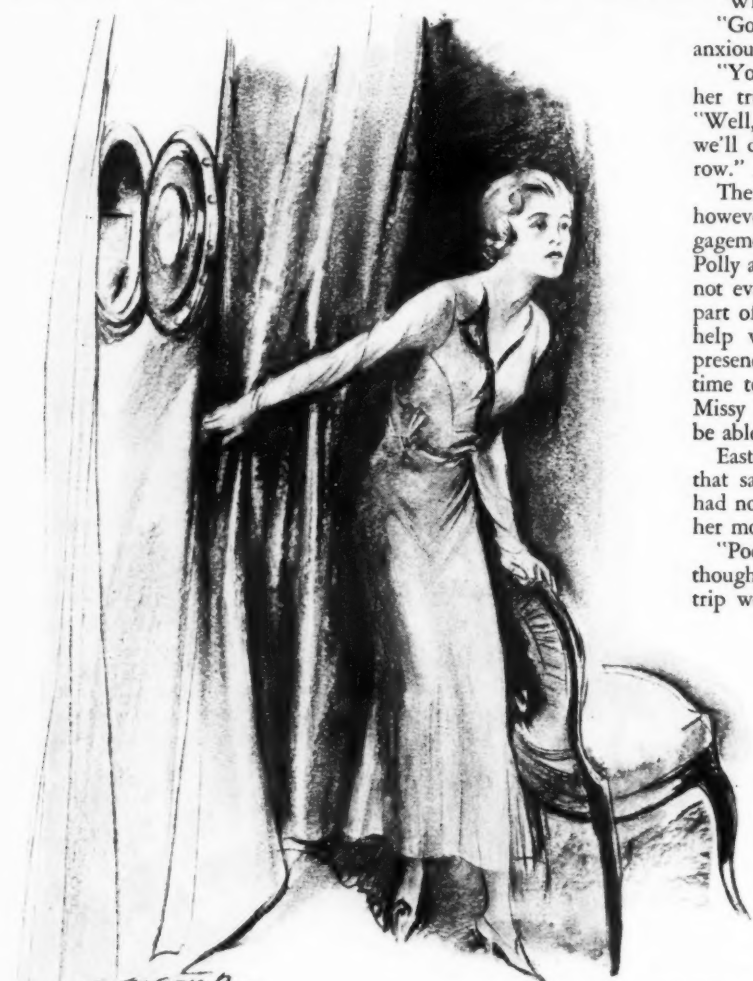
"You mean that she took all of her bags and her trunk?" Jane gave a philosophical shrug. "Well, that's like Isobel. She's an odd girl. But we'll doubtless get a note of explanation tomorrow." And Jane led the way to bed.

There was no word from Isobel the next day, however, nor the next. Jane, busily canceling engagements and overseeing Suzanne's packing for Polly and herself made no comment, perhaps did not even notice the lack of politeness upon the part of her erstwhile guest. But Polly could not help wondering, although she missed Isobel's presence more pleasantly than otherwise. She had time to wonder, for Kotowa had reported that Missy Mills had telephoned that she would not be able to come for a few days.

Easter vacation, early that year, had begun, so that save for her horseback riding, Polly really had nothing to do. The second day, Jane noticed her moping listlessly at the window.

"Poor child, it is stupid for her here," Jane thought. "She needs young companionship. This trip would be nicer for her if we had another young person along." Jane tapped her telephone pad thoughtfully until her eye fell upon a certain number. This, with a smiling glance at Polly, she gave to the operator.

Presently, after quite a lengthy conversation, she gave another number and Polly looked up with quick interest when she heard Jane say, "Is that you, Jerry?" Silence, then Jane went on, "Yes, I've just been talking to Mrs. Appleby, who said that you have a perfectly good Easter vacation on your hands and don't know what to do with it. Well, why not join Polly and me on a short trip to Texas? Fine! I'll call you later and let you know the train. You can meet us at the station. You will have plenty of time to pack, Jerry, for we're not leaving until tomorrow



For what has happened so far in this story see page forty-nine

JANE WAS STANDING BEFORE HER WALL SAFE, AND POLLY SAW THAT HER FACE WAS WHITE. "IT'S GONE!" SHE SAID. "THE OPTION IS GONE!"



JERRY LEANED FORWARD TO TOUCH JANE'S ARM. "WHAT TIME DO WE ARRIVE AT ST. LOUIS?" HE SHOUTED OVER THE ROAR OF THE PLANE

night. I'm so glad you can go on such short notice."

"Jane!" Polly's eyes were shining when Jane turned around. "Really, truly, is he going?"

"Who? Jerry? Oh, yes, he says he can go." Jane's voice was nonchalant as she reached for her fountain pen. But she smiled in a satisfied way to herself.

Later, placing some papers together in an envelope, she left the library desk where she had been seated and went into the adjoining living-room. Polly, still at the window, noticed nothing until she heard Jane give an odd cry. Then she followed.

Jane was standing before her wall safe, the door of which was open. When she turned slowly toward Polly, the younger girl saw that the other's face was white.

"It's gone!" said Jane. "The option is gone!"

"Gone?" echoed Polly, staring. Suddenly, her keen memory gave her a clue. "Then that was what Isobel Dalton was writing down the other evening when she stood behind you as you put away that option," said Polly incredulously.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, she must have been taking down the safe combination, to open it later herself."

"Isobel? Oh, no, I can't believe it!"

"But, Jane, I'm sure of it," insisted Polly. "And that isn't all, either. The day you heard about oil having been discovered on land held by your option I came in and found Isobel pulling out all the drawers of the desk in your room. She was doing it as though she were hurrying—and remember, she knew about that oil news before you did, for she took the message over the telephone—and when she heard me, at the door, she got up and said she was looking for some new stationery you had ordered, that you had told her to help herself—"

"But I hadn't ordered any new stationery," interrupted Jane blankly. "I never mentioned stationery to Isobel."

"I thought you hadn't," returned Polly. "A few minutes later, when I went into my own room, I found Miss Mills there and she seemed to have been searching for something, too. Anyway, my dresser drawers were all upset."

"But why should Miss Mills have been searching, too?"

Polly looked at the other impatiently. "Jane, I think Isobel Dalton and Miss Mills were both looking for the same thing, that Texas option. Because Miss Mills had heard about the oil discovery, too. I believe that if Kotowa had not been listening in on the kitchen extension of the telephone, you wouldn't have heard a word about that oil discovery until Isobel and Miss Mills had made their getaway with the option."

Now, Jane came out of her abstraction with a start and was looking at Polly with intent gaze. "Polly, I believe you are right," she cried. Angry excitement deepened the color in her cheeks. "Such being the case, we won't take that train tomorrow night. We'll telephone for reservations on a plane leaving for St. Louis early tomorrow morning instead!"

"What about Jerry?"

"We'll get hold of Jerry by telephone, after I've made sure about our plane reservations."

What excitement reigned then in Jane's apartment! Telephoning and still more telephoning had to be done, Suzanne knelt before bags, pulling at their straps until her face turned purple, for no trunks could be taken on the plane and trunk luggage had to be repacked into the bags. Kotowa was dispatched to the bank, to various other places. As for Polly herself, she went around in a sort of daze, that lasted until they had actually dashed across the city and through the Hudson Tunnel and out to Newark Airport.

Jerry was waiting for them. "I can't believe it's true yet," he said solemnly.

He and Polly followed Jane into the ticket office and found it bench-lined upon one (Continued on page 45)

Everyone's Playing Games

Whether the guests are sixteen or sixty, the wise hostess nowadays provides a few games and assures the success of her party

LET'S play games!" is the popular opening sentence for many of the jolliest parties of the season. So, why not take up the slogan when it is your turn to entertain and make your party a success, and yourself a popular hostess?

Choose gay and lively games at which you and your guests may be active and laughing. Bar ping-pong balls across the net to an alert opponent. Introduce miniature shuffleboard, the popular shipboard game. Or take a turn at that most active indoor game of all, table hockey. Play the new hi-jack, or ring toss, or if there's room, old-fashioned hopscotch. Invent a bean-bag game of your own.

Then choose quiet games for the guests who like to sit and think things out. Try Camelot with its knights and men. It is something like checkers, yet new and romantic. Your guests will like its swiftness and surprises and so will you. Have a game of backgammon or double checkers. Brush up on your history and geography with Hendrick Van Loon in his new game. Or be juvenile with A. A. Milne in his amusing Winnie-the-Pooh game, which is played with Pooh bears on a bridge table cover.

There's simply no end to the list of adult games that are being played at smart parties, and on rainy days at home, for that matter.

There are home adaptations of the exciting pastimes of the ocean liners. There are indoor versions of the most popular outdoor sports. There are old favorites in modern form. There are games gathered from the whole wide world to meet every taste and to be had for a few cents or for larger sums, depending upon one's recreation allowance. Why, you can even dash down to the five-and-ten-cent store and come home with an armful of fascinating games!

As to the place to play? In the living room, for all kinds of games played at bridge tables. In the dining-room for ping-pong or table tennis. In the basement game room, if you are lucky enough to have one, for all manner of active games that require much room.

It may sound a bit queer to entertain in the basement, yet many of the most amusing parties are being given "down cellar" nowadays. Important architects and interior decorators are busy thinking up clever ideas.

Mr. Julius Gregory, the New York architect who has planned some very unusual and most usable ones for discriminating home owners, says that the important thing to remember is to have plenty of color. "Paint the woodwork a bright color," he says. "Use fabrics in vivid hues. The

By ANNA COYLE

furnishings will depend upon the nature of the room, but they should be good and strong. Often the porch or garden furniture is transferred to the game room for the winter. Such pieces as wicker chairs, awning covered folding chairs, or steamer chairs give color and are in keeping with the atmosphere of the room."

If you have space in the basement, or an empty room over the garage or in the attic it will be fun to turn it into a game-room. But if you haven't, you needn't worry. The living-room and dining-room—with the china and glassware put away, of course, if ping-pong is on the program—will do as well for your party.

During an evening of games, each guest naturally gravitates to his own favorite. No wall flowers to worry about here! Ruth, her brown eyes sparkling from the excitement of a closely contested game of ping-pong with Bob, settles down in a comfortable chair to catch her breath. Dorothy, the timid guest, is discovered to be an expert at backgammon and is soon the center of an admiring group of

watchers. John, who loves to tinker with things mechanical, plays Whirpool by the hour. And so the evening goes!

I shall now give you a little information about a few of the games that are being talked about and are recommended by experts and enthusiasts. How many of them do you play?

PING-PONG: An indoor adaptation of lawn tennis and one of the most popular active indoor games. It is given the hearty endorsement of William T. Tilden, 2nd, of tennis fame. Among its famous enthusiasts is Jascha Heifetz, the violinist whose fingers are much too valuable to risk in other sports.

Tournament ping-pong is played on a table nine feet in length and five feet in width. Its top playing surface is stained or painted a dull dark green, with a three-quarter inch white painted line upon its outside edges and lengthwise down the center, thus forming two service courts on

either side of the net. These tables are available either in the folding or solid design. For informal play dining tables are most frequently used, and the required lengthwise center line is laid out with tape or twine or chalk.

I have found that the new black shot-grain oilcloth with a not-too-shiny surface makes an excellent ping-pong table cover for the dining table. On this cloth the court is marked off with white paint, first (Continued on page 31)

THE SEED SHOP

MURIEL STUART

HERE in a quiet and dusty room they lie,
Faded as crumbled stone or shifting sand,
Forlorn as ashes, shriveled, scentless, dry—
Meadows and gardens running through my hand.

Dead that shall quicken at the trump of spring,
Sleepers to stir beneath June's morning kiss,
Though bees pass over, unremembering,
And no bird seek here bowers that were his.

In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams;
A cedar in this narrow cell is thrust
That will drink deeply of a century's streams;
These lilies shall make summer on my dust.

Here in their safe and simple house of death,
Sealed in their shells, a million roses leap;
Here I can blow a garden with my breath,
And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

From "New Poems and Old", published by
Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford, Connecticut



BIRTHDAY CAKE DESIGNS FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, WASHINGTON'S, LINCOLN'S OR ANYBODY'S BIRTHDAY CAN BE EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE

Happy Birthday to You

I DOUBT whether there were any more great people born in February than in any other

month, but it seems as though there were more. We have come to think and speak of February as the month of birthdays. Everybody knows that our two greatest Presidents, Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, have their birthdays this month, and that we celebrate St. Valentine's on the fourteenth whether he was born on that day or not.

But how many of you know that Candlemas Day and the Mardi Gras, or Shrove Tuesday, are also usually celebrated in this month? And I wonder if you know that Horace Greeley, Aaron Burr, Sir Henry Irving, Charles Dickens, John Ruskin, Charles Lamb, Thomas Alva Edison, Charles Darwin, Galileo Galilei, David Garrick, Joseph Jefferson, James Russell Lowell, George Frederick Handel, G. F. Watts, Victor Marie Hugo, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy all selected this month for their birthdays.

Yes, February is the month of birthdays, and a birthday means a party, and even if it is only a small party there must be cakes and candles. So this month I am going to write about birthday cakes.

There are seven steps to the making of a cake: first, to read your recipe; two, to assemble the ingredients and the equipment, and to light the oven; three, to get the pan ready; four, to mix the ingredients; five, to fill the pan; six, to bake the cake; seven, to remove the cake from the pan

By WINIFRED MOSES

and to cool. Then, the jolliest part of all, to fill and decorate.

About the easiest cake for the beginner is the hot water sponge cake. It is especially appropriate for children's birthdays because it is simple and easily digested. I advise you to try it out once, however, before the day of the party, so that you can adjust the amount both to the cake pans you own and to the number of people in the party.

Hot Water Sponge Cake

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 cup sifted flour | 1 cup sugar |
| 1½ teaspoons baking powder | 6 tablespoons hot water |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | ½ tablespoon lemon juice |
| 2 egg yolks | 2 egg whites |

Assemble your utensils and ingredients. Put down a piece of stiff paper for your flour, place a pan or pie tin at your right. In this put your pastry brush, measuring cup, tablespoon, teaspoon, egg beater, spatula, lemon squeezer, and a knife. Add also the lemon and two eggs. Set your sifter on the paper. Set out two bowls—one large for mixing the cake, one small, for beating the whites. Arrange the rest of the ingredients—flour, sugar, salt, and baking powder in a line back of this. Set a saucepan on the stove with a little fat in it.

You may be able to work out a more efficient and workable plan than this. If you can (*Continued on page 35*)



What They Do in Winter

*Outdoors and in, on hikes and around
the fireplace, at fairs and parties—
Girl Scouts get together for good times*

A NATURE WALK CAN BE PROFITABLE AND ENJOYABLE IN WINTER AS WELL AS IN SUMMER, THESE GIRLS DISCOVERED. AT THE RIGHT THREE GIRL SCOUTS ARE INSPECTING A CAKE BAKED FOR AN OLDER SISTER'S BIRTHDAY



ALL THE ANIMALS AT THE DOG SHOW OF THE NORTH HUDSON COUNCIL





LAST WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY WEEK-END, MANHATTAN GIRLS HAD A "SUGARING PARTY" AT CAMP ANDREE, THE NATIONAL GIRL SCOUT CAMP AT BRIARCLIFF MANOR, NEW YORK. WHAT IS COSIER ON A WINDY WINTER EVENING, THAN A CRACKLING FIRE, A CORN POPPER, MARSHMALLOWS, SWEET CIDER, A BOWL OF APPLES AND PLEASANT COMPANIONS? (RIGHT)



UDSON COUNCIL, NEW JERSEY GIRL SCOUTS, WERE QUIET AND WELL-BEHAVED



OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

OUR STAR Reporter this month is Margie Sniffen, a member of Troop Ten, Omaha, Nebraska. She writes us about a skit which her troop put on in school to celebrate Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays:

"The school's stage mechanics constructed a large frame for us, giving the audience the effect of a picture on the wall. To form a screen, so that the forms in the pictures could not be distinguished so clearly, we tacked up a piece of cheese cloth. Long black velvet curtains met the frame on either side.

"The thing that contributed most to the impressiveness of the affair was the flood lights, with colored slides, placed on each side of the platform. At the rise of the curtain these lights brightened into an amber, remained for two minutes and slowly lowered into a pale rose, until they had vanished completely.

"The opening of the program began with the Gettysburg Address given by a member of the school. Then came our first picture, *The Boy Lincoln*, by Gutzum Borglum, which was introduced by a Girl Scout in uniform who carried out a large poster, announcing the picture. In this was shown the fireplace and the boy lying on his stomach before the fire. Then the well-known *Betsy Ross*, by J. L. G. Ferris, appeared. Betsy wore colonial dress and cap of fluffy material, and the two old men of the picture wore knickers and boys' cadet coats with a piece of lace pinned at the neck. The table with its bright scarf, its quaint vase of flowers and its large American flag were highlights.

"The last picture showed Clyde Doland's *Washington Inaugurated*. I had the honor of acting George. My costume consisted of a pair of tight blue knickers, a cadet coat with lace at the throat and a white wig. A speaker's stand served to hold the Bible, and with one hand upon that and the other on the table to my left, I solemnly took oath from the judge before me."

WITH BOTH Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays coming this month, to say nothing of Valentine's Day, it is certainly the month of the year for parties. Girl Scouts have written in to tell us about many different kinds. One sort of party that seems popular always, all over the country, is the Mother and Daughter Banquet. Mrs. E. S. Johnston of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas writes us about one that the Pine Tree Troop of Fort Leavenworth gave:

"Five committees were appointed in preparation for the banquet. Each was composed of several girls and one or more mothers. The committees included decoration, food, service, clean-up and program. The decoration committee had charge of sending invitations to special invited guests, making place cards (these were Girl Scout silhouettes) and of decorating the room and table. The table had very clever decorations—miniature Girl Scout scenes depicting merit badges, such as horsemanship, first aid, archery or signaling.

"The food committee was the largest committee. The menu was rather limited so that things went off very smoothly and easily. The committee was so generous that by mistake two lots of ice cream were ordered, and that didn't hurt the girls' feelings a bit. The service committee set the tables and had charge of getting the borrowed supplies to the apartment and back to their owners afterwards. They also served and cleared the table after the dinner.

"The clean-up committee did the dishes, and incidentally finished up the ice cream.

Girl Scouts

at Valentine's Day and troop ton's and Lincoln's birthday

It took ten girls only forty-five minutes to do all the dishes and clean up the place.

"The program committee, of course, needs no explanation. One girl was toastmistress and charming and efficient. We had a varied program, consisting of song selections by the girls working on minstrel badges, and a band composed of five girls and conducted by another who played various instruments. We had greetings from the mothers to the girls and from the girls to the mothers, a talk by special invited guests, and a few words in closing by the captain. As the captain finished, the girls and mothers made a big circle around the tables and sang taps. Just as they finished singing,

a girl outside the door blew taps on her bugle. It made a lovely ending to our party."

These Girls Had a Play Night

Miss Lillian Fenner, captain of Troop Thirty-five, Cleveland, Ohio writes to us of

a play night that Cleveland Heights had:

"The dull winter day was drawing to a close, when from the recesses of the impressive stone church came the sound of joyous singing. This was a real Girl Scout party, with all the Girl Scouts in Cleveland Heights gathered together. The sounds of the singing grew louder as new girls arrived. They took off their coats and hastened down the stairs to the church cafeteria where two hundred and twenty girls—eleven troops—were gathered. Each girl wore a gayly colored crêpe paper hat.

"Wouldn't you like to make your hats, too?" asked the captain at the entrance.

"We'd love to," they all said. So they were shown how to make the little skull caps. After that, everything seemed to happen at once. A whistle blew, and the girls found their own troops, with whom they ate the box suppers their mothers had fixed for them. After supper some of the girls went to see all the Girl Scout things which were on exhibit in the hall.

"Another whistle blew, and teams were called by the color of their hats into the center of the floor to play some exciting games. Suddenly the lights went out, and there behind the footlights of the stage were two girls who tap danced. All too soon, the leader stood up and asked everybody to sing their goodnight song. As the tired, happy girls filed out of the building, each was given a sample copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL and a subscription blank."

Knight Troop Had a Penny Party

Ellen Barnard, a member of Knight Troop One of Richmond, Virginia writes to



DETROIT, MICHIGAN GIRL SCOUTS LIKED GIVING WHAT THEY CALL "THE CAKE CEREMONY"

Play Together—

anniversary parties, as well as Washington celebrations, making February a gay month

us about a Penny Party her troop had:

"In the first place an admission fee of two cents was charged to everyone, including the guests. Once in, there were many things to attract one's attention. On one side of the room was the 'midway.' Here, on long tables, gay boxes flaunting banners invited you to see 'the famous swimming match.' And there was a common match floating in a pan of water. The sign on a neighboring sideshow declared that therein was the only brickbat in captivity. An ordinary brick served admirably in this capacity. These and many more were but a penny, for sideshows are reasonable.

"Then there was a candy booth where some girls made candy and it was sold at a penny a piece. The Knight Studio, at the far end of the room, had a 'special feature' on—'Pictures taken and developed while you wait—one cent.' The pictures were cut out silhouettes.

"Outside the fortune teller's room one was blindfolded before being led into a dark room, lighted only by candles. Another girl took the rôle of palmist provided only one crossed her palm with a bright copper coin instead of the proverbial silver."

Girls' Friendly Troop Had a Circus

While a circus isn't, strictly speaking, a party it is certainly enough fun to be included on a party page. Mrs. J. B. Whitaker of Cumberland, Maryland writes to us about one that her troop had:

"One of the members of Girls' Friendly Scout Troop Two mentioned the fact that the treasury was so flat it looked as though an elephant had stepped on it, so we de-

cided immediately to have a circus. For who does not think of a circus when an elephant is mentioned?

"We were given the use of the Episcopal Church Parish House where we hold our regular meetings. There was a big show with marvelous dancing girls from Russia—all members of the Imperial Ballet, a sideshow with a strong woman who could lift 750 pounds with her little finger without batting an eyelash, and several other freaks, including the wonder who ate and drank under water. There was also a House of Horrors, with two ghosts on hand to increase the shivers, a gypsy queen fortune teller, soft drinks for the thirsty and hot dogs for the hungry.

"Our circus was a great success and we hope that our guests had as much fun watching it as we had giving it."

This Troop Had a Birthday Party

Birthdays surely are as good excuses for parties as one could wish, so Troop Thirty-two of St. Louis, Missouri celebrated its fifth birthday with a party some time ago. Dorothy Knoblauch writes to us about it:

"Our troop was five years old, so we gave ourselves a party. Our captain and the five five-year-stripe Girl Scouts were guests. The rest of us served on the various necessary committees. There wasn't room enough for active games, so we sat in a circle and sang our favorite songs, each girl taking a turn at choosing one. Then the five-year girls entertained us with reminiscences of early troop activities, and sang for us their first Girl Scout song.

"The festal board was all green and



tan—our troop colors—and the places marked by cards fashioned and painted by our troop artist. They showed a Girl Scout, backed by a large figure five, with the dates 1926-1931 at the bottom. The feast was indescribable. The cooking committee had done itself proud. There was everything, including birthday cake with five candles!

"At the table we sang some of our more solemn songs, and heard some very short, impromptu speeches by our guests.

"A little later we filed out into the churchyard. There, under a bright, full moon we joined hands and sang that lovely goodnight song, *Shadows Creep*, and taps, clear and beautiful, to close our happy evening together."

Troop Two of Reno Entertained

Troop Two of Reno, Nevada also decided that its birthday was a good occasion for a party and gave a very interesting one. Mrs. A. J. Case writes about it:

"The girls had practiced marching and presenting the colors for their opening ceremony, so when they lined up they did it beautifully. Then they formed the horseshoe for the investiture service. This was followed by a demonstration of Girl Scout activities by patrols.

"When the stage curtains were drawn back, the newest and youngest Girl Scouts were revealed seated around a campfire in a woody setting. They discussed the value of knot tying and their patrol leader told them a story to illustrate its value.

"Then another patrol and its leader came back from a supposed hike, and joined the campfire. They discussed nature projects and merit badges, and when signaling was suggested four signalers came in and took their places on opposite sides at the front of the stage and signaled the words 'Welcome Mothers.' The girls' mothers were our guests for the afternoon.

"The signaling was followed by the appearance of two girls who limped in, explaining that they had fallen down and hurt their legs. At the captain's suggestion, they bandaged each other.

"Then the girls who are working on Star Finding came in, arguing about the different constellations and the relative brightness of the stars. They, too, joined us about the campfire and we sang several songs.

"After that we went into another room, to eat a large birthday cake that was displayed on a table with three green candles in silver candlesticks."



THESE MANHATTAN GIRL SCOUTS ARE ENTERTAINING EACH OTHER AT A TEA PARTY



HONORS FOR OUR ELDER SISTERS

ON DECEMBER the tenth it was announced that the 1931 Nobel Prize for the advancement of international peace would be divided between Jane Addams, the beloved founder of Hull House, and Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. The award this year amounts to about \$40,000. Miss Addams has announced that she will devote her share of the money to the Women's International League for Peace, of which she is president. She has also served as Chairman of the International Committee of Women for Permanent Peace, written two widely read books on peace, and worked in other ways for international friendship. She was one of the pilgrims on Henry Ford's Peace Ship which tried, during the World War, to get the soldiers out of the trenches by suggestion and "moral suasion." Americans have grown used to having the Nobel Peace Prize come to these shores. It has been awarded, in the past, to Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Woodrow Wilson, Charles G. Dawes and Frank B. Kellogg.

The desire of women as a sex, to abolish war was further recognized in December when President Hoover appointed Miss Mary Emma Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College, as one of our delegates to the coming Disarmament Conference.

The first woman chairman of an important House Committee was Congresswoman Mary Norton of New Jersey. Appointed head of the District of Columbia Committee of the Seventy-second Congress, she thereby becomes "Mayor of Washington."

EVENTS ACROSS THE FENCE

SHORTLY AFTER the fall of the Labor Government in England, the Labor party in Australia, which had been in control for some time, was also repudiated by the voters. To most observers, this meant that Australia was tired of a party which had lived beyond its means and driven the country to the verge of bankruptcy by heavy raids on the public treasury for doles and other gifts to labor. As soon as the news was out, Australian stocks rose sharply.



Germany has been the scene of a life-and-death struggle between the present government, headed by Chancellor Heinrich Brüning and President von Hindenburg, and the National Socialist Party (Fascist), led by Adolph Hitler, a loud-voiced firebrand with a Charlie Chaplin moustache. Early in December Hitler, whose manner is a composite of Caesar, Napoleon and Mussolini, let forth an oratorical blast telling what he would do when he became ruler of Germany, which he expects to be at an early date. Some of the plans of his party include the stopping of all reparations payments, the hanging of communists, the grad-

ual wiping out of all German Jews, and the turning over of affairs to "the Nordic race, the finest flower on the tree of humanity." Absurd as this program is, it seems to be gaining more and more followers in Germany, especially among the younger generation; they see in it a way of avoiding payment of the war follies of their elders. So strong has Hitler become that Chancellor Brüning, fighting to save Germany from a National Socialist revolution, announced on December eighth, a series of drastic emergency decrees—including the slashing of government salaries by ten percent; the reduction of wages in private industry to those paid in January 1927; the reduction of house rents by ten to fifteen percent; the reduction of physicians' fees; the forbidding

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

of all public wearing of political uniforms (aimed especially at Hitler's followers) and the prohibition for a certain period of all political meetings and outdoor demonstrations. To these announcements Chancellor Brüning added the threat that if necessary, the government would proclaim a state of siege.



In December, Manchurian affairs went from bad to much worse. Japan, repudiating her promises and her treaties, and defying the League of Nations, not only did not withdraw from Manchuria, but prepared to take the last important Chinese stronghold, Chinchow. This aggressive attitude was encouraged by the fall of the Japanese cabinet which was trying to curb the militarists, and the coming into power of Tsuyoshi Inukai ("Old Fox") who is in agreement with the ultra-nationalists. The Japanese people are discovering, however, that aggressive warfare isn't all beer and skittles. Sales of Japanese articles to China, which form a large proportion of Nippon's business, have dwindled appallingly, and in December Japan had to go off the gold standard.

FLIGHT OF TRANSPORTATION LINES

FURTHER steps were taken in December to help the railroads, hard hit by dwindling business and the competition of buses and trucks. So many insurance companies, savings banks, colleges, charitable institutions and individuals have their money invested in railroad bonds that enabling the railroads to raise the rates on certain classes is a matter of importance. Last fall the Interstate Commerce Commission allowed the

railroads to raise the rates on certain classes of freight, but even with this help they were still in a bad hole; they could get out of it only, they declared, by cutting the railroad wages ten percent. The Railroad Brotherhoods, or unions, naturally did not receive this news with any marked enthusiasm but agreed to hold a conference and see what could be done. It looks now as if the men would accept the salary slashes.



Steamship lines have also been in the dumps. In November the Cunard Line decided that they could not afford to finish their huge \$30,000,000 ship, which they had planned as Queen of the seas, and on whose building they had already spent around \$5,000,000. So work was stopped on the giant, and 3,000 British shipwrights sadly bade farewell to her and their jobs. Feeling that she didn't know how to build dirigibles and couldn't afford to learn, Great Britain also abandoned her plans for a trans-Atlantic air passenger line. Her first huge airship, the R-101, had crashed in France; her second, the R-100, she sold for scrap to be made into pots and pans.

But in this gloomy picture there are a few bright spots. The first is the statement of Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio, that if the railmen take a wage cut, the roads will pull through all right. The second is that the British people were so aroused when they read that work had been stopped on their giant steamship that they wrote in great numbers to the Cunard Company, offering their shillings, even their pennies, to help. Their promises and pennies were not enough, but the company cheered up and voted to finish the ship somehow. The British lion isn't whipped yet!



NEWS FLASHES

LAST MONTH six Chicago physicians gathered together to examine a mummy suspected of being that of John Wilkes Booth, who slew Lincoln. A man supposed to be Booth was captured dying, near Fredericksburg, shortly after the murder and finally buried outside of Baltimore. But John St. Helen, a wandering house painter, later declared, when drunk, that he himself was Booth. When St. Helen committed suicide in Enid, Oklahoma, his body was embalmed and exhibited at sideshows as that of Booth. Recently it was sold for \$8,000. Physicians who examined it were inclined to believe that it really was that of the actor who jumped into the box at Ford's theatre, shot the President, and then broke his leg when leaping out. X-rays revealed that the mummy's leg had been broken and that it bore other scars identical with those which are known to have disfigured Booth. Most remarkable of all, the X-ray showed in the mummy's stomach a ring engraved with a "B."

Everyone's Playing Games

(Continued from page 24)

going over the parts with a little ammonia water to prevent the paint from spreading.

The ping-pong net should be sixty-inches in length, five inches in width, with a mesh of three-sixteenths of an inch. It is dark green, bound with tape. For dining table play, the length of the net has to be adjusted to the width of the table, of course.

The net is attached to the table with adjustable extension posts. When erected it should be four feet and six inches from each end of the table and, when adjusted for play, its top edge should be six and three-quarters inches above the playing surface of the table.

The ping-pong racket may be of plain unfinished wood, varnished wood, wood with sanded leather, cork or rubber blades.

The complete sets may be found where sports goods and games are sold. Or you can buy the pieces at the five-and-ten-cent store and make up your own set.

TABLE HOCKEY: As thrilling as the best ice or field game you ever saw, yet it may be played on a table in the living-room.

With three taps of the hockey sticks two players start the game, each attempting to cage the puck in the opponent's goal pocket. A lively game for the living-room or game room of a Girl Scout Little House.

SHUFFLEBOARD: Whether you've ever traveled the Atlantic or not, you've heard of this popular shipboard game. The newer shuffleboards, adapted to home use are of two types, the table style which stands twenty-five inches from the floor and measures nine feet long by nineteen inches wide, and the larger models that rest on the floor. Each set is made up of the playing surface, four pushers, four red and four purple discs. The discs are pushed with the stick onto numbered targets, the object being to maneuver them onto the highest numbers.

RING TOSS: Another popular indoor game that originated at sea. It is sometimes called quoits. There are many good ring toss games, some with one peg and one ring; others with a number of pegs and rings. In playing, place the stand at any distance and throw the rings over the peg.

CAMELOT: A game of skill, easily learned and decidedly alluring. It furnishes fun galore for two players and is just as exciting for a large number.

The opposing forces meet in the center of the Camelot board like small armies, with the freedom of action to move forward, backward, sideways, or diagonally. At the rear is the castle, or fortress, which the opposing forces defend.

CLUB PARCHEESI: The new version of the old and popular parcheesi game. This revised version is especially designed for adults, having certain scoring and doubling features which add considerably to the interest of the game. Parcheesi itself has been played in America for sixty-five years. Club parcheesi is basically the same as the old game but the players attempt to win by high score and are in a position to outwit their opponents by skill combined with luck. One thing interesting about the game is the fact that it can be played by two, three or four players and therefore makes an excellent game for the odd guests.

Let Him Hear



MANY a bright child is unjustly blamed for dullness because he cannot hear what his teacher says. She may not know that his hearing is defective.

There are hundreds of thousands of such children in school now. If their ears are neglected, they will probably repeat grades much more often than other children.

Any school equipped with a phonograph audiometer can discover its hard of hearing children, a large proportion of whom can be saved from lifelong deafness provided they receive expert care and attention.

Common colds, especially when involving the nasal sinuses, are a frequent cause of deafness. Noses should be blown gently, or infected mucus may be forced through the tubes into the middle ear and cause deafness.

After an attack of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis or infantile paralysis, the ears should be examined to see if any condition which might cause deafness remains in the tubes leading to the ears. Diseased tonsils, adenoids, or running ears often lead to deafness. Undernourishment may have a definite relation to impairment of hearing.

There are millions of adults in the

United States whose ear troubles were neglected in their childhood, or later, and who are now permanently deafened.

Their number cannot be known since many of them are so reticent, so sensitive about their handicap that they make every effort to conceal it.

With increasing deafness, year after year, there often comes to the hard of hearing a feeling that there is a growing barrier—an invisible wall—between themselves and their fellows.

Deafened persons are often persuaded to buy worthless devices and nostrums which do more harm than good. The victims suffer in silence.

However, there are scientifically constructed instruments which amplify sound and do aid impaired hearing. Ear specialists can advise regarding them.

But when all scientific aids to hearing fail, lip reading offers a rescue. It should be an essential part of the education of every child whose hearing is impaired.

Much of the deafness among adults, now incurable, could have been prevented if the cause had been detected and properly treated during childhood.



For more than 12 years a national service organization has been warning against quack remedies and giving information concerning hearing aids, vocational and employment problems, hearing tests for children and lip reading instruction.

It has also assisted in forming local leagues for the deafened which have helped thousands to readjust their lives. Many of these leagues have auditorium earphone sets, ampli-

fied radios and demonstrations of standard hearing aids.

It is prepared to help those who have few social contacts and who are isolated in small villages and remote places. If you have any sort of hearing problem which you long to talk over with some one who will listen—and understand—write enclosing a self-addressed envelope to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, Inc., 1537—35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Here Are the Contest Winners

THE AMERICAN GIRL reader who wrote the best essay submitted in the *What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest* for 1931 is Edna Boyden Millward of Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York. Perhaps some of you can guess the character that Edna would like most to meet, for she is the favorite of many of you. Yes, you're right! It is Jo Ann! And the judges—Miss Margaret Norris, Mrs. Sophie L. Goldsmith and the editor—were unanimous in their choice of this essay as being the most spontaneous and the best-written of all that were submitted. So Edna receives the first prize, a bookcase for her room. Here is her essay:

If a good fairy godmother should come to me and say, "What character from a book would you most like to meet and converse with for half an hour?" I would undoubtedly say, "Why, Ellis Parker Butler's Jo Ann." My choice is for many and varied reasons. To me Jo Ann is undeniably real and jolly. I should like to receive suggestions from her as to just how to act in polite society. I believe that she is more adapted to cutting up than any person I have ever met either in books or real life.

I suppose you will think me unintellectual to take Jo Ann from an imposing list on which I had such imposing names as Don Quixote, Guinevere, Silas Marner, Portia, Shylock and many others. But I would certainly be at a loss as to what to say to them. To the historical characters I could relate as much as I knew about their lives but, frankly, I hear and see quite enough of them in school. Prohibition, unemployment, disarmament and *Gandhi* what possibly could they know about those things and those are the things that constitute the dignified conversation of today. I suppose, however, I could carry on a wholly delightful conversation about the weather, as that is a thing which has not changed throughout the ages.

At last! I have finally disposed of everyone but Jo Ann and I have not the slightest desire to rid myself of her. I have quite a few suggestions I could make to Jo Ann about ways to do things to Tommy Bassick, her beloved enemy, but maybe it is just as well that she doesn't get access to them. Jo Ann is liable to resort to harsh measures if she is so inclined and I would not want her to destroy Tommy, as he is in a way responsible for her funniness. Jo Ann would be a staunch and loyal friend to cultivate. Although she pretends naïveté, she is far from sophisticated, and I like her freshness. If I should meet her, I would cast discretion to the four winds and frolic with her until I was too tired to stand up. And maybe that wouldn't take too long at Jo Ann's rate.

I also would like to meet someone very nearly associated with Jo Ann. Can you guess who it is? No one but the very creator of that funny character and he is Ellis Parker Butler. He manages his book people as a man might play a lot of extremely life-like and clever puppets. He has as much ingenuity as the creator of the inimitable Penrod, Booth Tarkington.

In conclusion, as a summary of points, I have made a general idea that the most interesting person to meet would be one in your present everyday cycle of life. The person needs to be different, refreshing and quaint. All in all Jo Ann fills all those requirements. She is naughty, but not malicious, and would break every one of the Ten Commandments, if it would get her in trouble. My fairy godmother has gone away, in her pumpkin coach, to tell Jo Ann I would like to meet her. There must be other people that have told her the same thing, for on her face before she left was a satisfied and contented expression. Now to unveil the identity of the fairy godmother. She is The Appreciation Of Good Humor. What an excellent guardian she would be for all of us.

The second prize—a bedroom table—is awarded to Helen Twigg of Troop One, Spruce Pine, North Carolina, who writes:

The fictitious girl whom I should most like to meet is Jo March, that jolly, good-natured Jo from *Little Women*. My greatest reason for liking her is that she is a typical American girl and a good sport. Although Louisa Alcott wrote about Jo more than half a century ago, her heroine is just as real today as ever.

Jo is typical in the first place because she is a member of a family whose troubles and fun she shares. It is to her family, especially the timid Beth, that she most often shows her better self, her unselfish and sympathetic nature. No poor, down-trodden orphan can make a heroine who will live as Jo has.

She is neither very rich nor very poor. She is just in the middle boat with so many other nice girls. The March family lives comfortably, but each member does her share in supporting them all. An idle life is especially uninteresting when compared to Jo's busy days, full of both work and play.

Her personal appearance is always a bother to Jo. She is awkward, raw-boned and overgrown. Her clothes have a "fly-away" look which must emphasize her lack of care for them. Of course, Jo cares something for her looks, but I am glad that she doesn't brood over them enough to make her conceited or self-conscious. And looks matter very little beside such a personality. It is Jo's lovable personality that so dis-

tinctly marks her as an American. Foreign heroines may have wit, good humor, bravery or love of nature, but none has such a spicy combination of all these good traits as an American girl and especially one like Jo.

It is the tragedy of Jo's life that she was born a girl instead of the boy she tries so hard to make of herself. It is her tomboyishness as well as her cheery disposition and indomitable spirit that makes her such a good sport.

Jo would make an energetic Girl Scout. Of course, she never heard of the Girl Scouts, but as we know her she abides by all the Girl Scout laws. She has to be thrifty. She is loyal, friendly, kind to animals, trustworthy, clean in thought, word and deed, and she is always cheerful. As for the Girl Scout slogan, "Do a good turn daily", Jo does not one but dozens. While Mr. March is in the war, Jo is the "man of the house", and she is called upon to do all sorts of chores, which she does cheerfully and well as a good Girl Scout should. I think Jo would earn many merit badges, but her first one would be the Pioneer Badge.

What a girl Jo is! She may well be called the ideal American girl, for she is a typical one, and one who would be a good Girl Scout, and a vivacious, jolly tomboy. Isn't she the best all around sport imaginable?

Helen Sabine of Ossining, New York, wins the third prize—a magazine rack—with her essay on Kipling's Kim. We wish we had space to print her excellent manuscript but if we do, there will not be room on the page to give the names of the five girls whose work was chosen for Honorable Mention. These are Grace Whelan, Troop Thirty-four, Ozone Park, New York, who wrote about Tom Sawyer; Charlotte Liebes, formerly of Troop Twenty-three, Portland, Oregon, but now of New York City, who wrote about Henry D. Thoreau; Elizabeth Moak, Metuchen, New Jersey, who wrote of Wamba, the fool in *Ivanhoe*; Kathleen M. Patterson of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who wrote of Abbie Deal in *A Lantern in Her Hand*, by Bess Streeter Aldrich; and Marjorie Shafon, Chicago, Illinois who chose Ramona.

We are sorry not to have room to tell you some of the interesting things we learned from the ballots submitted with the contest essays but if you read the letters on the "Well, of All Things!" pages, you will see which way the wind is blowing as to favorite stories, authors, artists and departments.

A Deed of Valor

(Continued from page 16)

William, do tell me about them," she begged, hoping nobody would notice how she fairly gobbled that ham. "I think they must be picturesque."

"They are rascals, and not a bit picturesque, from what I've heard—deserters from British, Spanish and French ships, who ply along the coast. More ham, Angelica?"

She shouldn't, but she did, and had a nightmare that night, so Aunt Nicey said when she shook her awake.

"I done heard tell in the kitchen how much ham you eat," she said indignantly. "De waiting gals was 'stonished, and I was plum mortified!"

A blissful week it was preparing for the party—Cousin Sally *would* call it a ball, which was much grander, and pleased Angelica who discussed it with young Rich Nelson. Rich listened scornfully. "I declare, all girls are alike, just think of nothing but parties and frocks and—and beaux. I did think you were different, Angelica. I believe you'd die dead if you had a coming out party and didn't wear your 'ball gown'."

"Well, I expect *you* to be decently clothed at my party," said Angelica sharply, "and I do *not* care only for clothes, I'll thank you, Rich Nelson! I—I'd rather do something big and—and worthy than to dress in silks and diamonds every day!"

"Did you hear," asked Rich, changing the subject, "about those deserters? Well, an old man from the coast told me that one stunt of their's is to go to some settlement near, set a house on fire, and while the folks are all trying to save it, just come right in and take food, clothes, money—anything they find, from other houses."

Angelica and Rich rode out in the woods the day before the ball, gathered vines and flowers and decorated the cabin until it looked like a verdant bower. Wax tapers in glass candle-shades were set against the green background, and gorgeous flowers from the woods and the neighbors' yards were set in cold water.

They were up early next morning. Cousin William had to go to the little seaport nearby and get a shipment of gold for the bank, and all must work hard to get things finished. Angelica wore an old blue French calico, with little pink roses scattered over it, faded and much darned, but she hated to see it wear out, being French calico, right costly, and usually kept for calling.

Cousin William came home early, toting a heavy carpet-bag himself. "Come on out to the bank, Angelica," he called. "I want to show you something."

The bank was a tiny square one-room building out in the yard, near the main building. It was of such heavy timber that Cousin William declared it was as safe as a church, and its door of massive oak, reinforced with iron bars, opened with a gigantic key. There was no window, the big safe was in one corner, and over it, under the thick ceiling, were little slits for light and air. It looked, Angelica thought, very much like a jail.

Cousin William opened the safe and set therein two canvas bags. "Gold, child," he whispered, as if the walls might hear, "and none of it mine. Child, if anything should happen to the (Continued on page 34)

PEP

She's brimming with it!

.. what's her secret?



WHAT a picture she makes as she skims over the ice—bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked—sparkling, vigorous. Zero weather can't scare *her* indoors. She hardly knows what a cold is.

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A Deed of Valor

(Continued from page 33)

treasures in this bank of mine, I'd be ruined. Because it is private, and I am responsible, in a manner, for its contents. I'll be glad when we build a regular bank, fireproof. What I want you to do, honey, is to take this key—" he locked the door and handed her the great key, "and put it up for me in my tin box on Sally's wardrobe. Now I've got to go to the stable to see a sick mare Jake has just told me about."

"Surely, I'll attend to it, Cousin William," said Angelica, and dropped it into her capacious pocket, where it bumped against her knee.

Not long after, she heard Cousin Sally calling Cousin William. The whole sky was alight in the east—somebody's house was burning, and they must run and help. It might be old bedridden Mr. Lane's, who lived with only his servants.

"The dining room is finished, nearly, and we'll be back in time to dress," she called to Angelica. "Just keep an eye on things in the kitchen."

Hastily the carriage driver hitched up the horses to overtake the master and mistress, who, with the men servants, were already on the way. So many happenings in one evening! Angelica went to the front doors to close them and, as she laid her hand on the latch, it quietly opened again and she saw—the pirates!

The key bumped against Angelica's knee, and in a flash she remembered. "They usually set fire to some building and wait till the settlement gathers at the fire. Then they go into the empty houses and loot everything portable." They had a schooner—they had seen Cousin William, and followed him! The nicker of a horse at the gate told her how they had come—in a stolen wagon, perhaps, to carry off the treasure.

There were three of them, each more villainous-looking than the other. One, an Englishman, spoke crossly: "Why didn't you go to that fire, too? Now show us this bank cabin and we'll let you off and not hurt you."

Another, a Spaniard, spoke quickly, and his companion foreigner, a Frenchman, also spoke in a tongue Angelica understood, "Surely—we will take the little one to the schooner and maybe get a big ransom for her."

"You won't," said the Englishman curtly. Angelica thought that maybe his ancestors had fought alongside her own at Cressy and Poitiers. "I understand, and will show you the room," she said quite calmly, thinking hard of Cressy, and feeling a little sorry for the Englishman. She went down the steps and round the house to the little room. "Get an ax," growled the leader. "We'll break in, for there's no unlocking it, I know; I used to be a locksmith."

Angelica spoke quickly, "I am the—keeper of the key," she said in a voice she hoped was not trembly, but calm and steady, as Queen Boadicea's would have been when she spoke to a Roman. Thoughts raced through her mind in seconds that seemed hours as she inserted the key in the lock and opened the heavy-hinged door. She thought of Cressy and Poitiers, the Black Prince, "Britons never will be slaves" and *The Star-spangled Banner* all at once. Her ancestors had (Continued on page 42)

CHEQUESSET

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NOTICE: If you change your address, be sure to let THE AMERICAN GIRL know, if you want your magazine to reach you, because the Post Office does not forward magazines.

Pearl Buck, author of "The Good Earth," appears next month!—

Happy Birthday to You

(Continued from page 25)

I'm sure all the readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL would be delighted to hear about it.

Cut the lemon in two and squeeze one-half, leaving the juice in the reamer ready to use when you are ready for it.

Now light the oven and set the heat regulator at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit. If the oven isn't equipped with a regulator, you will need to have someone acquainted with the oven to tell you just when to light it and how hot it should be for the cake.

The pan should be prepared before the mixing. Usually we do not grease the pan for a sponge cake, but in this case I am advising you to do so. This recipe makes rather a small cake so do not choose too large a pan. Melt a little fat in a saucepan. Grease the tin carefully in every little crack and corner, using a clean pastry brush if you have one, or a piece of clean, soft paper if you haven't. Sprinkle a little flour in the pan. Then invert the pan over the paper. Give it a little hard tap to shake out the surplus flour.

Now we are ready to mix the cake. Put some flour into the sifter. Sift it onto the paper. Lift the paper and pour the flour lightly back into the flour container. Measure one cup of this flour lightly (do not pack), level off and pour it into the sifter. Add the baking powder and salt, and sift on the paper. If you want your cake to be very light, sift it twice more.

Now bring forward the two bowls. Break the eggs, putting the yolks into the big bowl and the whites into the smaller one. Beat the whites until they are stiff, so stiff that you can turn the bowl upside down and the egg white will not fall out. Set it into the refrigerator until ready to use. Beat up the yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add one-half of the sugar and beat. Add the hot water and the rest of the sugar and beat again. Add the lemon juice and beat some more. Fold in, do not beat, one-third of the flour, fold in one-third of the egg white; then the second third of the flour and the second third of the white; then the last third of the flour and the last third of the white.

Pour the batter into the prepared cake tin. It should not be more than two-thirds full. Clean all the batter from the bowl with a spoon and spatula. Then bring the batter well up to the edges and corners of the pan. The center should be lower than the sides and corners. At this point some cooks lift the tin and drop it hard on the table. This is to drive out big bubbles of air.

To bake the cake, put it into the oven at 350 degrees Fahrenheit in the center of the lower grate for about thirty minutes.

A cake may be moved in the oven only during the first and last eight minutes of baking. During the last eight minutes the cake shrinks away from the sides of the pan and springs back when pressed lightly with the finger. When this happens the cake is done and may be removed from the oven and turned upside down on a rack. Let it stand a minute or two and then very carefully remove the pan. I usually bake this amount in a round pan with a tube up through the center.

For a round layer cake, double the recipe and bake in three tins. For a square or ob-

long layer cake, double the recipe and bake in two tins. And now for your icing!

Cooked Icing

1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup hot water	cream of tartar or
1 egg white	vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon

Put the sugar, water and cream of tartar or vinegar into a small saucepan and set over the fire. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Keep the sides swabbed down as in making cooked fondant. Cook until a small quantity dropped from a spoon spins a long thread or dropped into ice water forms a soft ball. Beat up the egg white until very stiff. (The yolk may be used in a filling.) Pour the hot, cooked syrup on this in a thin stream, beating continuously. If poured on too fast the hot syrup cooks the egg white unevenly and the icing will have a curdled look. It is better to have someone pour the syrup while you beat. Continue the beating until the icing will stand when piled. Then fold in the vanilla or other flavoring, and spread over the cake.

This is a basic recipe. For your birthday you will probably need to double your recipe, both for cake and icing. If you bake your cake in layers you will need a filling. This should be made before the icing.

Orange Filling

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange
3 tablespoons	juice
flour	1 egg yolk
1 grated orange rind	1 teaspoon butter

Put the sugar, flour and orange rind into top of a double boiler and stir until mixed. Add the rest of the ingredients and stir again. Cook over hot water with frequent stirring until the mixture thickens. Cool and spread between layers. Then ice.

When the icing is on the cake it is ready to decorate. Little colored candies make a most effective decoration for either a patriotic or St. Valentine's cake. For the Washington or Lincoln cake, use an oblong layer cake and choose red, white, and blue candies—any kind of simple candy from gumdrops to Jordan almonds. These may be arranged in a red, white, and blue border along the edge of the cake.

Still another way is to cut out a paper pattern for a hatchet. Lay this lightly on the top of the cake and outline with a sharp pointed knife. Then fill in with candies.

For St. Valentine's cake make a round or square layer cake and use red or pink candies arranged around the edge in a fancy border to look like lace. Fill the center with a heart of red or pink candies.

For small individual cakes cook the same batter in muffin tins. Use smaller candies for decorations.

Of course, the cakes will not be complete without candles. While these may be stuck on the cake itself, I think the effect is grander if the cakes are served on a platter, tray or large cake dish, and the candles arranged on this in a border. A drop of the wax will serve as a holder.

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You will like her story about a Chinese girl, in the international issue

Face West

(Continued from page 9)

put it. He didn't mean any place or direction exactly—though with the rest of the country we naturally drifted where there was most room—but just progress. I had to face West for myself when I was sixteen. No more than a grammar school start and no money. I got a job as a farm hand, and pretty soon I came out here over the mountains with a pack on my shoulders and rented land.

"I've been watching you," pursued Dunstan. "Couldn't help it very well in such close quarters, and it seemed a shame for such a good looking, intelligent girl to be so glum. Quit looking back. A peach orchard isn't the worst place in the world."

The brakes gripped the wheels with a shrill grinding jolt, and the train came slowly to a halt in a sloping mountain meadow halfway down the grade. "A hot-box," they heard a trainman call.

Peter Dunstan jumped up. "By golly! I guess we're stopped for a spell. I'm going out for a sniff of clean air. Want to come along?"

Arley shook her head. She had no wish to follow her self-appointed critic. But when he was out of sight she took her coat and got off at the rear end.

Many of the passengers were getting off, walking up and down beside the track. All were gay at a temporary release from the crowded coaches, and Arley, too, felt the spell of the tempered atmosphere. She found a path and climbed down the slope to reach some brilliant toyon berries, standing for some time beside the bushes and filling her arms.

"Hello, down there," Dunstan shouted from the track above. "Changed your mind, I see. I'm getting on. Better come."

"Coming soon," Arley responded. But a brighter shrub beyond intrigued her and she wandered a little farther along.

A long shrill whistle sounded from the track above and Arley looked up in sudden fear. The engine was rolling puffs of smoke from its heavy mouth. The passengers had disappeared. What did it mean?

"All aboard!" came the crisp call of the brakeman on the other side of the train. "All abo—ard."

Oh, oh! They were going on without her! Arley turned to run up the path she had so recently descended, but she instantly perceived that winding route would take too long. Desperate, she plunged straight up the slippery bank, clutching with frenzied hands at jutting roots and digging her feet deep into the cold soggy turf which gave beneath their pressure like pliant rubber. Surely they would see her. They must wait!

"Wh—oo, wh—oo," came the first low chug of the engine. The long brown line of coaches began to move along the track.

Arley screamed. Standing upright on the slippery sloping bank, she snatched off her coat and waved it desperately. No one saw her. The train was moving briskly now, slipping relentlessly away down the grade. Numb with terror she sank back upon the wet bank, staring with frantic agonized eyes at the disappearing train. It would soon be out of sight, leaving her alone in a strange untenanted wilderness.

The last long car swept away around a curving hillside. She was forsaken. Arley

sank back upon the muddy bank, hopeless and terrified, the prey of black despair.

CHAPTER II

"Hello!"

Arley looked up, startled by the sound of a human voice in this cold, uninhabited waste. It was a masculine voice, musically deep and full of quiet laughter. "Hello!" she gasped. "Who are you?"

"I'm the train you didn't mean to flag, but did." The tall sunburned young man pointed to his mud-spattered gray roadster chugging on the road below the track. "I happened to be passing and saw the fix you were in. I'll be glad to give you a lift to the next station if you wish me to."



Arley looked ruefully down at her muddy crumpled clothing. "I'm not fit to be taken in anywhere," she said, "but I'll certainly be grateful for a ride."

The young man's smile broadened to a grin. "You do look pretty sorrowful," he admitted, "but Jenny and I are used to it. Come." He reached to help her down the bank. "I'm Philip Brainerd."

"Thank you," Arley's strained look yielded to a smile. "I'm Arley Wainwright, bound from New York to Bear Basin, and I'm thankful to you for rescuing me."

Philip Brainerd frowned dubiously as he tucked Arley into his roadster. "Here," he said, "you must take off those wet shoes." He burrowed in the back of his car and brought out an old blanket. "Wrap your feet in this," he commanded.

Arley gingerly removed her wet shoes and dropped them on the floor of the car. "Probably I won't be able to get these on again when we reach the next station." She grimaced toward her muddy pumps. "I'll have to manage somehow, though. I can't board a train barefooted, can I? I'll have to—" A swift look of horror crossed her face and she choked back a startled cry. "I forgot. I can't take another train. The conductor has my ticket!"

Philip Brainerd had climbed into the driver's seat and started the car. "Don't let that worry you," he quickly reassured her. "They make a long stop at Colby. If we have good luck we'll overtake your train there. If not, other trains will come along, and of course you'll get a refund."

"Oh! I hope we can catch it!" Arley leaned forward anxiously as the car sped along the compact road. She had begun a furtive search in her purse, but she knew

that it did not contain enough money to buy another ticket, even for the remainder of her trip. Left at a strange station, she would be as helpless as in the field where he had found her. She must catch that train!

"The road was in pretty fair shape when I came up yesterday. I'm betting we'll overtake it." Her rescuer had settled beneath the wheel and was crowding gas into the engine.

"Do you know," Arley said, raising her voice above the motor's roar, "you were almost a miracle swooping down from nowhere to rescue me. I hadn't seen a sign of a car along the road until yours came."

"People don't travel these hills much in winter," answered Philip Brainerd. "We're drawing up on your train," he added, as a strident call from the engine rolled its hollow echoes back up the canyon.

"Happen to meet a man named Dunstan aboard the Transcontinental?" inquired her driver. "I heard he was coming home today."

"A big man with a huge, deep voice and awfully sure of himself?" asked Arley. "Yes, I met him. He's just back from New York with a pocket full of orders."

"That's old Dunstan," Brainerd gave a short laugh. "He would get the orders. He always does." The car had slackened speed in the hollow of a cliff to wait for an upward bound truck. When it had passed and they started on, their progress was more leisurely.

"Dunstan's a big fruit man," said Philip Brainerd. "He was a grower first and lately he's gone into the distributing end."

"He's been attentive to me all the way. I feel flattered," said Arley with a wry smile. "Yes, if I can get back on that train I'll even be glad to listen to him again. Do you still think we'll make it?"

"Sure," answered Brainerd, though she felt he only half heard her question. Presently he went on speaking. "Dunstan has enough power and influence to put our Growers' Cooperative over with a bang. But he won't be bothered with the little fellows. That's his type."

Arley stirred and looked anxiously down the road ahead. Why did her companion keep talking to her of Dunstan when her whole heart was centered on speed. One mustn't find fault with a benefactor. But still she worried.

The distant shrill call of an engine swept faintly up the gorge.

"Gosh!" Brainerd came to himself with a start. "There's your train whistling for the crossing this side of Colby. I'll have to step on it if we're to get there."

"Oh, I must catch it! I must!" Arley's voice rose in frantic appeal. "They're meeting me at the other end. If I'm not there they'll worry."

Philip Brainerd's mouth set in a firm line. "It's my fault. I got to talking and slowed down. Don't you worry, we'll get there," he promised grimly.

There was no further conversation as the car sped down the grade save monosyllabic words of reassurance from the driver. Hands tense upon the wheel and eyes straight to the front, Brainerd guided the car swiftly down the sharp curving road until the grade lessened and the road wound out of the canyon onto a sloping valley floor.

Read "An Adventure in the South Seas," by Eunice Tietjens!—

"There's your train." Brainerd drew a deep breath of relief as he pointed to a long line of coaches winding slowly to a stop.

But their progress was far from rapid. It had rained the day before upon a valley floor already soaked with melting mountain snow, and the roads were very soft. Philip threw his car into low gear and pulled the throttle wide open as he forced his way vigorously through the mire.

At last they neared the station. Arley grasped her purse and prepared to leap the moment solid ground was reached. Then, to complete the misery of their wild pursuit, the motor emitted a sudden sputtering cough and died in a sea of enveloping mud.

Arley's face blanched. "What shall I do now?" she wailed.

"Never mind," Philip panted. "We're near enough. We can jump for it now. Wait. I'll help you." Leaping from the car into the water which stood halfway to his knees, he threw open the door and picking Arley bodily from the seat bore her across the muddy waste and up the steep bank to the track.

Reassured by the presence of the conductor still standing outside the train, Arley was turning to thank her benefactor when they were interrupted by a dark thin-faced man with jutting teeth and a conspicuously drooping eyelid who stood surveying their muddy plight with interest. "Need any help, Brainerd?" he asked with an amused nasal drawl.

"No, thank you, Halliday." Philip's eyes glinted coldly as he turned his back on the newcomer and hurried Arley toward her waiting car. He stood beside the steps while she mounted to the platform. "We'll meet again, I hope." He smiled at her confidently.

"I hope so," Arley answered gratefully. "It's been wonderful of you to take so much trouble for a stranger. I do hope you get your car safely out of that mud."

"I'll manage," he assured her as the train began to move slowly. "But when am I going to see you?" he demanded anxiously, keeping pace with the moving train.

"Bear Basin is where I'm going," she called back. "Goodbye."

He raised his cap and smiled. As the train bore her away she looked back at him and waved.

Inside the train Arley occupied herself for the first hour in removing the mud-stained reminders of her mountain escapade, hunting through her baggage for dry shoes, and arranging her wind-blown hair. When she returned to her place in the Pullman she found Peter Dunstan in a nearby seat.

"Hello! By golly! I missed you," he exclaimed, laying down his paper and coming to occupy the seat opposite. "I was afraid you'd been left behind!"

"I was, nearly." Arley settled back in her seat and recounted her adventure in detail.

"You were a fool to climb down that bank," Dunstan scolded her severely. "I've had my fill of trying to help folks or I'd have come after you."

He relapsed into frowning silence while Arley looked out of the window at the green rolling orchard-studded country to which their swift descent from the hills had brought them.

Dunstan continued to engage her in conversation until the brakeman called her off with her bags. "Here's where you'll find me when you (Continued on page 38)

she's been taught to insist upon Kotex purity

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in SAFE sanitary protection

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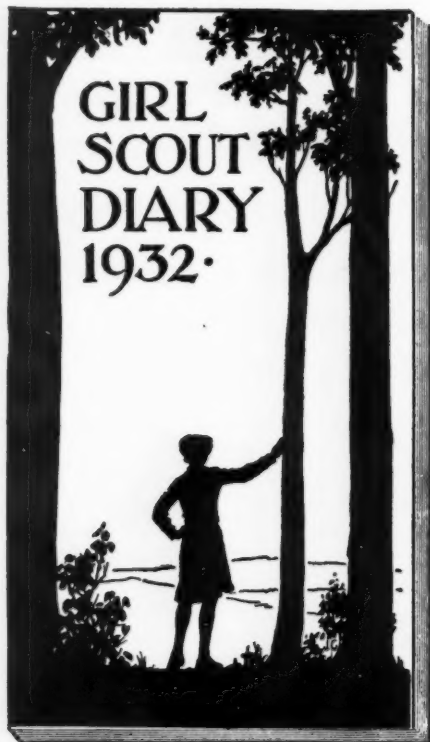


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Face West

(Continued from page 37)

come to town," he said gruffly, thrusting his business card into her hand. "Joel Howard and I didn't agree very well of late years but—I'll be glad to do anything I can for you." Then Arley descended into the arms of her waiting family, and her new life began.

The next morning she roused to the call of meadow larks and robins in the trees outside her windows. She climbed out of bed and, slipping on a kimono, dragged herself half-heartedly to the window.

"Hi, there, lazy bones!" A pebble struck the window pane above her, drawing her gaze to the yard below. "Get up!"

"Hello, Tom." Arley greeted her brother with a smile. "Where are you bound for so early?"

"School," answered the fourteen-year-old, wrinkling his freckled nose in repugnance. "Bus'll be along any minute now."

A loud horn honked on the road that wound past the corner and Tom disappeared on a run up the path. But Arley still stood at the window looking out. Winter pruning had left tangled piles of brush in weird twisted heaps everywhere. Aoki, the Japanese helper, was loading them onto a drag to haul away. The house, as she could see from her upstairs window, was a long buff-colored structure with projecting wings at either end. It was apparently very old and sadly in need of paint. Dreadful, Arley thought! She dressed with stoic fingers and went downstairs.

"Good morning, dear." Mrs. Wainwright, who was working at a table near the window, looked up with an anxious affectionate smile. In appearance she was quite the opposite of her daughter—a plump motherly woman, with streaks of gray in the wavy chestnut hair above her temples and roses still lingering in her cheeks.

As Arley looked at her mother's gentle face and busy fingers a rush of tenderness swept over her. "Anyway, it's wonderful to be with you, Mother," she cried, putting her arms about her.

"I was afraid you'd be unhappy about coming," said Mrs. Wainwright sadly.

"I was unhappy. I am yet," said Arley fiercely. "I mean to do something about it, too. Mother, we don't belong here. I want to amount to something in this world, not vegetate on a farm. Besides, we can't make a go of this. I don't know a thing about a fruit ranch, do you?"

"Not much." A worried look flitted across Martha Wainwright's face and an anxious hand rose to touch her cheek. "But Aoki has been here several years and understands the pruning and picking. He'll work and wait for his wages until the harvest. And the buyer for the Packers' Union who bought the fruit last year has promised they'll take the crop again. He's coming back to bring the contract soon."

A scratching and whining at the door attracted Arley's notice and she rose to admit Tom's fox terrier. "There's someone stopping, Mother." She nodded toward a car which had entered the yard. "A short, chunky, gray-haired man. He's coming in."

The newcomer proved to be Will Hazen, the owner of an adjoining ranch, interested, with Mrs. Wainwright, in befriending a

Don't miss the second part of "Face West"—

destitute itinerant family who had come into the neighborhood the previous fall to pick fruit. Arley listened in silence to their planning which involved the removal of the family to an unused building on the Wainwright ranch.

"I'm afraid this fellow Cleaver's not much good," explained Hazen, "but we can't let them starve at our doors. The wife's sick and they've got a girl of nine."

"I can find a table and a cot for the child," offered Mrs. Wainwright. "Perhaps we can give the man work here in the harvest. You know I've a buyer for my peach crop, Will—the Packers' Union."

Will Hazen shook his head soberly. "Don't be hasty, Marthy," he advised. "I've sold to 'em for years, but they never paid me enough profit to keep the fences painted. I'm joining the Cooperative this year."

"But Joel sold these," Mrs. Wainwright's eyes were troubled.

"I know. Well, I don't want to influence you," said Hazen. He opened the door, but leaned back with mysteriously dancing eyes to whisper hoarsely, "Nail your chairs down, Marthy. Old Slippery's coming in the gate."

"Old Slippery!" Arley rose and ran to the window in time to see Mr. Hazen's disappearing wheels and watch a bent old man in a battered derby and rusty frock coat come shuffling down the drive. "Mother! Who is this freak coming now?"

"Slippery Jones?" Mrs. Wainwright laughed. "Yes, I suppose he is a harmless freak. He's a horse trader from the days when the profession was an art. And now he's old, with nothing left but his little hut and strip of dooryard, he still thinks he trades for a living. He really lives by the charity of the Basin people." She herself opened the door to her new caller. "Good morning, Mr. Jones," she said cordially. "Won't you come in?"

But the visitor could tarry only to exchange a tin box, which he pulled from his bulging pocket, for half a dozen eggs. "You're gettin' a real bargain," he said proudly, as Mrs. Wainwright good-naturedly accepted the box and brought him the eggs.

Arley strove to fit herself into the details of the day's housework, though her efforts, in the unaccustomed surroundings of the ranch house, were slow and awkward. Inside tasks finished, she donned stout shoes and a sweater and went for a tramp.

Acrid smoke from Aoki's bonfire drenched the air as Arley plunged down the gray aisles of the orchard. Trees, gray and lifeless except that a faint blush beneath the bark gave promise of reawakening life, stretched scrawny arms to meet her. Trees and trees and trees! And where the Wainwright ranch ended another just like it began. A small swarthy man who was working near the neighbor's line fence paused and looked up at her for a moment, then passed on with a low bow. A Hindu, Arley thought, yet one so graciously polite as to call up visions of gentle-souled philosophers rather than men of toil. What strange new people she was meeting! What were her friends doing back at college, Win, Mary Lou, the old crowd? Arley choked back a sob of desolation and turned back toward the house.

And so Arley came to the ranch, not knowing the adventures that were soon to banish her loneliness and homesickness.

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IN camp or on the hike, there are always emergencies when a stitch in time will save nine, or more. It's then you need a sewing kit, quick!

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Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, it really is. It's easy even to obtain your

official outfit, uniform and all—except insignia and badges of merit—FREE, by the Libby Girl Scout Plan.

And you can get lots of help from friends and relatives. They'll all be glad to save labels for you.

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Find out how Arley starts life on a ranch

February's Book-Valentines

SOME choose their tributes lacy, light,
With hearts and cupids all bedight,
With "violets blue and roses red,"
With golden arrows swiftly sped.
But I choose books, whose magic pages
Conduct us through enchanted ages,
Whose characters, so deftly sketched,
Remain within our memories, etched
By the skilled touch of workers true,
Whose art creates our world anew.
Dear books, this sad reviewer pines,
Unless you'll be her Valentines!

VALENTINE ONE

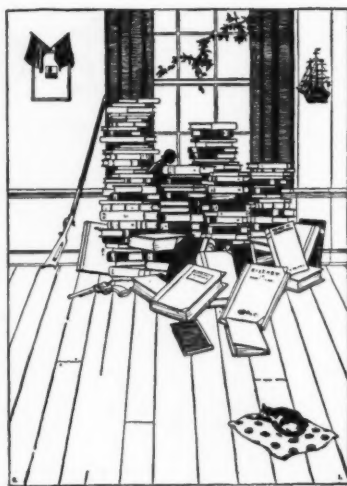
Freshmen at Arden by Bertha Goes (Henry Holt and Company).

Supposing I were an accomplished accountant, bookkeeper and mathematician, it would be interesting to compute the exact number of stories I have read about girls at school and at college. And very probably that number would be few indeed compared with the number which *you* have devoured. People who love books, however, are rarely accomplished accountants, bookkeepers or mathematicians, so I can't tell, and up to the present, you haven't! What we both know well, however, is that very few of them remain in our memories. There is a hazy recollection of dear old Something-or-other, and much talk about school spirit and midnight parties, and "shrieks of laughter" which the conversation and the events rarely seem to justify. Yet when a story about a school or college is presented to us, the subject remains one of perpetual and universal interest. *Freshmen at Arden* is one of the very few books dealing with the world of girls' colleges which merits this attention, and holds it successfully. Arden is a perfectly delightful and most realistic college, and the girls who attend it have stepped out of many of these United States, from Massachusetts to Washington, and very vivid and charming representatives they are. Phyllis and Eloise are roommates, never having seen one another until college threw them together. Eloise is a social climber, but so attractive that it takes Phyllis several months to find it out. And Phyllis—well, Phyllis is everything a girl would want in a roommate and friend. This story of her progress through her freshman year, and her gradual rise in the esteem and love of her fellow-freshmen, is full of humor and buoyancy. We feel keenly the teeming stimulus and activity of college life. The privilege of fine friendships is shown in a way which will entirely captivate you, and which will enlist your interest from the first page to the last.

VALENTINE TWO

The Blanket of the Dark by John Buchan (Houghton, Mifflin).

Peter Pentecost, living in the time of King Henry VIII, was a poor Oxford student, destined by his foster-father for the service of the Church. His tastes were simple and scholarly, and the beautiful English countryside afforded him both healthful and aesthetic delight. He had discovered the remains of an old Roman tessellated pavement hidden in a deep thicket,



Drawing by Robert Lawson of Marie Lawson at work on her book, "Hail Columbia," a story of the United States, published by Doubleday Doran

and when his studies wearied him, he would come to this sanctuary to dream and rest his fill. The question of his parenthood troubled him, however, and when he is suddenly discovered to be the son of the Duke of Buckingham, his life changes as completely as did that of Mark Twain's Pauper when he is mistaken for the Prince. The noble woods of England now hold other secrets for him beside those of beauty and a tessellated pavement, and this story of how he employs his new-found power is packed full of interest and loveliness.

VALENTINE THREE

Igloo by Jane Brevoort Walden (Putnam).

Igloo was Commander Byrd's dog who accompanied him on his famous expeditions, the accounts of which have thrilled the world. Commander Byrd tells us in his preface to the book that on Igloo's tombstone there is the inscription: "He Was More than a Friend." Any lover of dogs will subscribe to this tribute after reading Miss Walden's vivid and humorous story of a dog who unerringly distinguished officers from ordinary men, who punished a cat named Shipwreck so thoroughly that, afterwards, Shipwreck wasn't at all sure she had a single one of her nine lives left, and who met with equal grace and calm the President, the hazards of airplaning, or the acclaiming showers of ticker tape. *Igloo* should indeed make hosts of friends.

VALENTINE FOUR

Hildebrand by John Thorburn, illustrated by The Wag (Scribner).

Hildebrand was an English horse who certainly taxed the patience of his master Horace. His antics are described in a nonsense-book packed to the brim with fun and giggles for its readers. Hildebrand can talk, and is tactless enough to criticize one of his fairy godmothers, none other than the Night Mare, because she has the cock-

ney habit of dropping her "aitches." She punishes him by decreeing that he shall be able to eat only such food as begins with an "h", and Hildebrand almost starves until he meets Horace and is introduced to h'oats. Fine illustrating plays a large part in this hilarious nonsense.

VALENTINE FIVE

The Boys' Life of Washington by Helen Nicolay (Century).

What is the secret of a successful biography about a person far removed from one's own time? The ripest scholarship, the richest imagination, is not always able to make the subject a real one. In the case of Miss Nicolay's book, so timely in a month which is dedicated not only to St. Valentine, but to the bicentenary of Washington's birth, the figure of George Washington comes stirring to life. Overlaid for many of us with an accumulation of dutiful but tiresome hero worship, he is here invested with an interest exciting and stimulating. The figures of his day achieve a startling reality—never again will his adored brother Lawrence, the stiff-necked Dinwiddie and the obstinate Braddock be mere names. His early surveying days with all their hardships, the quaint lacks in his education, his youthful conceit and his heroic courage are all presented to us against such a background of his time as impresses him indelibly upon our minds.

VALENTINE SIX

Golden Tales of New England, selected by May Lamberton Becker (Dodd, Mead and Company).

Miss Nicolay has made George Washington, sometimes a taken-for-granted personality, live anew for us. Mrs. Becker, in a collection of stories in which writers of various periods have shown us equally taken-for-granted New England, makes a whole region live for us. We see its people at work and at play. We go to a party under the chaperonage of Oliver Wendell Holmes, where the Deacon almost chokes under that unaccustomed delicacy, real ice cream; we go visiting with two of Sara Orne Jewett's most delightful characters; we reread our own Louisa Alcott's account of how her father, at Fruitlands (or was it Apple Slump?) tried to create an ideal state of living such as the Soviets of today claim to be doing. Our own favorite is the delightful glimpse of the New England conscience and of the delicious humor which Annie Trumbull Slosson contributes in "A Local Colorist." Much of the book's charm is in the introductions to the different stories, which present the authors to us in the manner of a loving and a deeply-understanding friend.

VALENTINE SEVEN

Sue Sew-and-Sew, arranged by Asta, Dehli and Flavia Gag (Coward McCann).

This is a jolly little book, written by Sue herself, with the help of her mother Flavia, and of her aunts, Dehli and Asta. Sue, be-

If you're interested in Basque boys and girls—

ing herself a doll, knows just exactly What The Doll Will Wear, and she tells her readers how to make everything, from a kimono to a beret. Her aunts have illustrated her directions very plainly, and her book is a good one if you have a small sister to amuse, or have gifts to make for small friends. Sue loves to pun and is apt to burst into verse at unexpected moments. For that reason, she makes an ideal Valentine!

Given a Face

(Continued from page 17)

Much can be done for a nose just by avoiding colds and by being careful to use a handkerchief gently!

Though it's taken us some time to come to our mouths, their place in importance is after the eyes, according to both the writers and the beauty specialists. A pretty mouth is soft and flexible, with a healthy red color and a pleasant shape. The texture and color may usually be had from good health—for the shape, however, you must look to your nature. Habits of thought express themselves in mouths that are tight and cruel, mouths that are loose-lipped and coarse, hard mouths, pettish mouths, sneering mouths and mouths that are simply vacuous. Such mouths do not *need* to talk.

In the meantime if you want your mouth to be successful, get the habit of looking pleasant, keep your digestion and circulation in trim and rub on some pomade at night!

Good teeth are one of the things we may now expect from civilized people. Properly balanced diets, with plenty of fresh fruits, green vegetables and coarse foods will not always make teeth white, but they will usually make them strong and sound. A dentist should check twice a year to catch any signs of decay. Second teeth should be straightened, if necessary, as early as possible. Above all, there should be strict habits of cleanliness.

Ears can be trained to be flat if they're taken young enough; you'll see babies wearing caps for the purpose. But after they're once set there's not much you can do about them except to arrange your hair to their best advantage. As you grow older remember that the soft lobes of ears are pulled down by heavy earrings, and also, in choosing earrings, remember to consider not only the shape of the ears but also the contour of the face and the length of the neck. The size of the earrings and the lines should be adapted to the individual. No long dangles for long thin necks. And no broad effects for thick chubby faces.

Chins are unimportant when you're young, and necks aren't really parts of faces, but would you like a little advice about insuring them both for the future? Then, learn to carry your head in an effortless proud way, chin in, head up. Don't hunch your shoulders and jut out your chin. It absolutely spoils the neckline.

Use a lot of soap and water on your neck to prevent dinginess. And rinse thoroughly with cold water. This will help keep the neck firm and incidentally it's a fine healthy habit. Study your dress necklines and your scarfs and beads to suit your neck. Experiment a little and you'll be fascinated by what you'll discover. As I said in the beginning, you're given a face, but there are lots of things you can do with it.



Now I know how to pick candy bars!

I JUST step up and take *any one* of the four Mars Confections. They're all different from each other, and still not one of them tastes like any other candy I ever tried. All four are so perfectly marvelous that I like to eat them all . . . change off, for variety.

Take Chocolate Milky Way . . . that marvelous malted milk, caramel and rich, milk chocolate. Vanilla Milky Way has a vanilla flavored center and wonderful, dark vanilla chocolate coating. Snickers, with its peanut butter taste and those wonderful whole nuts. Then Honey Almond, with its real honey and those big, crunchy, whole almonds!

It's great, too, to know that these candies not only taste good, but are wholesome as can be . . . that they're made with genuine *fresh eggs and milk and cream* . . . that they're the finest quality candies that can possibly be made. Well, I certainly know they suit me as no other candies ever did, and I'm going to get some *right now!*

MARS CONFECTIONS



Read "Mayiana Dances the Fandango", in March

Bender Sees Red

(Continued from page 20)

tween him and his accusers and flopped.

His shoulder muscles trembled nervously. "What's the use?" he yawned.

What was the use? This precisely was what the girls asked themselves at breakfast the following day. "Fact is," Donna said, "we'd better send that Airedale back. A goat is bad enough, but a goat and a terrier—that's impossible."

"Quite. He's only another reason why we must go back to town. Look at him—one eye on us and the other on our bacon."

Bender, whose soulful gaze had shifted uneasily from the bacon when he felt himself being watched, busied himself with a fictitious flea behind his left ear and pretended not to notice the girls. Then, through half shut eyes, he watched them as they ate. The sidelong glance he gave them came perilously near to meaning, "Gluttons! I hope you choke."

Wearily he got to his feet and moved around the corner of the tent. His bleak look and the hang of tail and ears hinted that such unseemly relish of food disgusted him. He would find some sunny spot among the bushes and there brood upon man's inhumanity—to dogs. But pretty soon his humiliation was forgotten and he was fancying himself a very dashing fellow when a butterfly flitted before him along the path.

"Big bully! Snap at me, would you?" he yipped humorously and leaped at it. His teeth closed on empty air, but as the butterfly wavered along the sun-dappled path he rushed after it, pretending it was nothing less than a threatening eagle. By the time he had tired of this burlesque he was within sight of the store. There he saw Mona Lisa being led out by Mrs. Compton. "Greetings, old fruit!" he barked.

As he approached, he was not slow to read the lady's annoyance. "Yap-yap, frosty face," he chorused. "Can't you say 'hullo'?"

"Noisy wretch," Mrs. Compton exclaimed.

Bender grinned with tantalizing familiarity. It pleased him to see Mona Lisa waggle her ears and make a clumsy attempt at gamboling.

Mrs. Compton mistook her darling goat's animation for fright, and catching sight of

Dad Mather splitting wood at the back door of the store, she called for him to come.

The sight of this reinforcement bearing down, axe in hand, made Bender wary and he trotted into cover, but his derisive barks made it plain what he thought of women who couldn't take a joke.

Once in the shadows of the trees, he sat down, pink tongue dangling, black lips open in a satisfied grin. At last Mrs. Compton and the man went away and he was free to greet his playmate of the day before.

He was half-way to her when a half-grown black bear cub confronted him.

The cub, who belonged to Dad Mather, was more or less accustomed to dogs. But here was a strange one and he stretched his thick neck to sniff the Airedale's muzzle. "Howdy, brother," he snuffled.

Bender's lips lifted in a grin. He felt the bear's friendliness and he began waving his tail.

At an inviting bleat the terrier and cub turned and trotted to join their friend.

Before they knew it, the odd trio was in the maple grove behind the Compton house.

They pranced about and were enjoying the fun mightily when Mrs. Compton chanced to look out the kitchen window.

"Roger!" she called excitedly to her mild-mannered husband who, pipe in mouth, was enjoying the morning calm while he daubed red paint on their new boathouse. "Roger, hurry. Mona Lisa's being attacked."

Leaving his brimming bucket of paint on the top of the stepladder, Mr. Compton descended and hurried up the slope.

"They're only playing," he shouted, waving a paint-brush after his wife who, broom in hand, had rushed from the back porch and was bearing down on the intruders.

Brandishing her weapon, she was close to them when, unfortunately for her, Mona Lisa bolted in well-feigned alarm. Bozo and Bender raced after her and before the heavy-footed Mrs. Compton could sidestep, she was pushed by the careening goat.

"At 'em, old girl," Bender yapped elatedly.

As Mrs. Compton recovered her balance and her broom, her lips were moving fast.

"You wretched beasts!" she panted as

she ploughed after them. Down the slope past Mr. Compton, Mona Lisa led the field.

"Ki-yi!" shrielled Bender as Bozo's fat pads slapped the earth beside him. "Never knew Liz had it in her."

When the Comptons overhauled them, all three were racing round and round the boathouse, with the goat half a lap in the lead. Mona Lisa spied the stepladder Mr. Compton had so lately left. Doubling in her tracks, in a flash her hoofs struck the third step up and as the Comptons rounded the corner below her she gained the top.

Bozo and Bender were beside themselves with delight when they galloped around the corner and barged into the Comptons from the rear. Humans, dog and bear cub were hurled against the legs of the ladder, and as it tottered Mona Lisa, with a wild bleat, leaped. For a split second the air was filled with goat and falling paint.

A few awful seconds later when five animated beings struggled to their feet, Bender knew they had overdone it. The face and shoulders of Mrs. Compton were a gleaming mask of red. Bender, a dripping nondescript, broke for the woods, followed by a bright red bear cub.

Mona Lisa gave a confused "ba-aa!" and started to follow, but Mr. Compton fell upon her with unexpected vigor.

"No you don't," he panted. "You cross between a milk cow and a monkey."

Late that afternoon a worried Donna appeared at the store. "I want something to remove red paint," she began.

Old Dad Mather's eyes were twinkling. "Been a run on paint remover," he told her dryly. "Good demand for wire fencing, too. Got a corral to put up at the bungalow. Got to be tight, Mr. Compton says."

Then between chuckles he related what had happened at the boathouse that day.

Donna could not get back to camp with the news fast enough. It was evening before she and Flo had Bender looking as an Airedale should look.

"It's almost a mistake to take it all off," Flo said. "Red suits Bender. It's sort of—"

"Sort of significant," Donna concluded as with a towel she shampooed the tousled head of their deliverer.

A Deed of Valor

(Continued from page 34)

fought with the Prince, with Nelson, with John Paul Jones and Washington. She—she would be worthy of them, decided Angelica, and when the men had slipped into the dark room, she slammed the door and took the key from the well-oiled lock. Putting it in her pocket, she ran like a young deer, following the path the carriage had taken to the fire, which was now getting very dim.

When she reached the clearing, she found everyone standing about, chatting—the building had been empty, somebody said.

Angelica, panting, slipped up and told Cousin William about the robbers. Instantly he yelled, "We'll ride, gentlemen, ride fast! Angelica has caught the bank full of robbers and locked them up! They're safe, but we must go and see."

There was much shouting and applause,

but Angelica sat on the carriage step, with her head throbbing, and feeling sick, as she had felt once on board a ship.

She didn't think very much till they had arrived, and found the bank room surrounded with armed men. It made a fine jail!

"Will you open the ball with me, Miss Cary?" asked a courtly voice, and a young man in the half-dark—the candles hadn't been lighted—bowed over her hand in the doorway, where he had just entered.

It was Rich, in costume of blue broadcloth, doeskin small clothes, embroidered vest, lace neckcloth—the handsomest young man Angelica had ever beheld!

"I took a solid hour to dress—been talking to your prisoners through the keyhole. You are brave, Angelica, the bravest girl I know of. And nobody else would be brave enough to wear that frock! You look

like a queen, Angelica. I didn't think you had the courage not to wear your party dress."

Angelica gasped. She had been calm, she thought, but here she had forgotten to dress! "Rich," she said, striving to look with the spirit of Queen Boadicea in her eyes, "deeds of sacrifice, of—of valor, make one great; not—clothes!"

"I say it was a deed of valor," admired Rich, but Angelica had vanished into the dark bower of the hall. Before the candles were lighted she must slip into her room, lock her door and get into that dress. She dressed in ten minutes, from slippers to top-knot on her head with a white rose over her left ear. With her gown sweeping its unaccustomed length about her feet, she left the room. Great deeds and valiant were no longer in her mind—Angelica had at last become a Young Lady!

Anne Greene, well-known author, appears next month—

Square Pegs in Round Holes

(Continued from page 11)

Before you try to force your opinion on someone else, be sure it is better than the other person's, or at least just as good. Otherwise you antagonize and make yourself objectionable.

"On the other hand, if by aggressiveness you mean fearlessness, tenacity, ability to overcome obstacles and, in addition, brains—there you have a wonderful girl, one who will go far. Women of this kind are at the top of all sorts of business jobs. They are presidents of organizations formerly dominated by men. The president of the Brooklyn Gas Company, an enormous organization, is a slender blond woman named Mary Dillon.

"There is great need for women who are pleasantly aggressive, particularly in politics. Here they do splendid work. Take Frances Perkins, for instance, Commissioner of Labor of New York State. She is intelligent, courageous, consistent and she can stand the gaff which the politician, whether man or woman, cannot avoid."

"But," I continued stubbornly, "how is any untrained young girl to choose among the bewildering number of jobs which are open to her? Is it strange that, in her eagerness to find an opening, she should be confused and get into the wrong thing? How can she avoid it?"

"The only way is to study herself and study the requirements of the job and see if the two match up," said Miss Houghton. "There are a number of factors to be considered which narrow her field of choice. She can give herself a personal examination by asking herself these questions:

"First, 'Am I clever enough for that job? Have I the brains it requires?' For instance, suppose she is ambitious to become a lawyer, doctor or architect. These are all difficult professions which demand a high grade of intelligence. Unless she has Brains with a capital B and stands at the head of her class, it is probable that she will be weeded out in the long hard struggle that leads to success.

"Second, 'Am I strong enough for the work?' Some jobs are more physically strenuous than others. The woman doctor may have to rise at all hours of the night to call on her patients. The girl reporter travels miles and does not always go in taxis. More often she jerks along by street car or subway and sometimes she goes on foot. The trained nurse must go without sleep, be exposed to disease, do heavy manual labor and keep smiling through everything. Some girls thrive on work like this. Others prefer to sit peaceably at a desk where the physical strain is less severe.

"The third question is, 'Will I enjoy this work?' rather, 'What emotional satisfaction will it give me?' Many girls stay in low-priced professions because they are lady-like. The teacher never grows rich by teaching, but she stands well in the community. The same is true of library work. An interior decorator comes in contact with nice people.

"Quite different from this type of girl is the one who doesn't care a fig what the public thinks. When she takes the stump to make a political speech, she may be



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criticized by some of the more conventional people. But she goes on with what she is doing because she really likes her work. The social worker has an inner glow because she feels she is doing some good. The creative artist may remain poor, but her joy in her work makes her contented. The girl who wants to write, and feels sure she can, would rather accept pot luck as a free lance than tie herself to a steady job.

"The fourth question is, 'Do I want to roam round, or would I rather stay put?' This is what the vocational expert terms the 'mobility' of the job. If a girl is eaten by the wanderlust, she shouldn't tie herself to a desk job. I know a woman in the export business whose work takes her all over the world. She is always on trains or boats bound for new countries. To the

home-loving girl this would be anathema, but this particular woman adores it. It satisfies her itching heel. The girl who wants to remain in one particular community should not undertake work where any advancement means a change of locale. There are jobs in which she can get to the top in her home city or town.

"In brief, every girl before she chooses her job should analyze herself and the occupation from every possible angle, to make sure she will not be a misfit. We seldom find a misfit at the top of the ladder. The misfits take their tumble from one of the lower rungs.

"Look at a prospective job as you would at a prospective husband. Ask, 'Are we going to like each other?' If the answer is 'yes,' go ahead."

You'll laugh at the charming story of her girlhood in Paris!



Don't Bore Your Friends!

WHEN Bob or Bill or Irene or Mary come to call, don't put on a long face and tell them your troubles. Don't try to tell them all about your difficulties at school or at home, your squabbles with your friends and family, or—worse yet—your troubles with your budget and pocketbook. It shows poor taste and it's boring to listen to. Your friends want to hear jolly things, about the exciting things you've done and seen since they last visited with you.

Of course it's hard to practice restraint when matters as urgent as finances want to be aired. So if you wish to get your story off your chest and receive some good advice, too—

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SALESMAN: How about a cheap grammar?—Sent by CLARA HOFFMAN, Los Angeles, California.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.



That Hot!

A young man from the North had just arrived in Arizona on a comparatively cool day. Walking up to an old man standing near, he attempted a conversation.

"Does it get pretty hot down here?" he asked.

"Wal, I dunno, but the other day I seen a dog chasin' a jackrabbit and they was both walkin'," was the reply.—Sent by MARGARET WOLFE, Iowa City, Iowa.

Sentiment in Business

A blithe young lady walked into a bank the other day to have a check cashed.

"Please endorse it," the teller suggested. "Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business."

"Yes, madam, but just endorse it. Sign it on the back, please, and your husband will know we paid it to you."

In a few minutes she handed the teller the check, endorsed: "Your loving wife, Ethel."—Sent by SHIRLEY SCHMIDT, Delta, Colorado.



Simply Grandma to Her!

Little Florence asked her grandmother to help her write her name. Then she asked her to write her own name and her grandmother wrote "Safronia."

"Is that your name?" she asked, astonished. "And to think I've been calling you 'grandma' all this time."—Sent by MARY BERLIK, Riverside, Connecticut.

If you want to know what an English girl thinks of America—

Polly What's-Her-Name

(Continued from page 23)

side like any other waiting room, while the opposite side presented a long, broad counter. Behind this counter, spruce, alert-looking young men, uniformed much like naval officers, were busily at work.

At last a huge, roaring cabin-plane was taxied up before the canopied passenger entrance where they were waiting and Polly followed Jane up the little steps that were let down as soon as its door was opened.

The cabin interior resembled nothing so much as the inside of a big bus, with its curtained windows and its deep-cushioned chairs on either side of a center aisle.

The motors began to hum, the little steps were drawn up into the cabin, its door was closed and locked. For an instant Polly felt caught in a trap; then she settled herself to watch the ground skim dizzily past outside her window.

All fear had left Polly now. Beneath her pretty towns, neatly laid out like big checker boards with their criss-crossing roads, slid along as though on rollers.

Jerry leaned forward to touch Jane's arm. "What time do we arrive at St. Louis?" he shouted.

Jane told him, shouting in return. Their ears were becoming accustomed to the motors now, so that it was possible to understand enough of the other person's words to get a little of their meaning.

"We land at St. Louis at four-forty-seven this afternoon. That's a distance of almost a thousand miles in eight hours and three-quarters."

The steward came by with a tray with three cups of bouillon on it.

"It's so early when we leave, most people don't have time for much breakfast, so we serve this," explained the hostess, happening by at that instant.

Nothing of interest occurred for some time after leaving the Camden Airport, until the ground roughened beneath the plane. Then there was a general atmosphere of tension. Most of the passengers had heard of mountain air-pockets, so that when they came down at Harrisburg, everyone got up quickly to stretch his legs and to feel the safety of the ground beneath his feet.

When they took off this time, it was an old story to Polly. She watched, unmoved, the ground sinking away beneath her. And presently, when Jerry proposed a game of checkers, she was able to concentrate upon the conflict and to win three out of five games. So the day passed not at all monotonously and Polly felt that her first plane ride was a great success. It was not until later that afternoon that she had any doubts to the contrary. Then, the lights flashing on in the cabin, she realized suddenly that it had been growing perceptibly darker for quite awhile. And glancing at Jane and on beyond her at Jerry, she saw that they both looked a little sober and anxious.

But Jane, meeting her glance, at once smiled. Taking up the little pad, which they had all decided was a better method of exchanging ideas than by shouting, she wrote, "It's getting late. We must be almost there. What time is it? My wrist-watch has stopped."

Polly glanced down at her own watch, then gave an excited little jump. She wrote,

"It's four o'clock, Jane, so we *must* be almost there! But isn't it dark for four?"

"It's raining," wrote Jane in reply. And Polly, looking at the windows, saw that they were drenched.

Peering closer, then, a little feeling of uneasiness pervaded the girl, for nothing was visible beneath the plane. Snatching up the pad, she wrote quickly, "Why can't we see any more towns? Are we up so high?" She thrust the pad upon Jane's lap.

Jane looked down, smiled, then taking the pencil, she wrote a single word, "Fog."

Polly's expression changed. Everyone was anxious by this time. Ignorant as she was of flying, Polly knew enough to realize that fog was one of the conditions most feared by pilots.

CHAPTER X

For all Polly's concern, however, and despite that gray, creeping curtain of baffling fog beneath the big plane, the pilot of it brought the plane safely to ground at St. Louis. And three hours later found Polly and Jane and Jerry at a cozy little table in a diner of the train they had boarded, speeding south now, toward Houston.

Presently, at a junction where the train had stopped, there came a terrific bump, then several irritating jerks.

"What was that bump?" Jane asked the waiter.

The conductor, passing her table at that instant, stopped at her question. "We are annexing a private car," he explained hurriedly. "It belongs to Mr. Van Vorten—Harold Van Vorten." And he went on.

"The very person to consult with about that option, Polly!" exclaimed Jane delightedly.

The *lrodor* proved to be immediately attached to their diner so that in a few minutes they were greeting Mr. Van Vorten.

The time seemed short from then on. But when Houston was reached, early the next evening, Polly upon the edge of her seat as the train coasted into its terminal, thrilled to the knowledge that this was where Mike McGinnis was, perhaps!

The fellow-travelers separated, Mr. Van Vorten going to one big hotel and Jane and her young people to another.

It was early the next morning when the telephone beside Polly's bed rang with a violence that snatched her from deep sleep. She reached out a groping hand, but she sat straight up in bed when Jerry's voice asked her plaintively if she were never coming down to breakfast.

"Breakfast?" she echoed. "This early?"

Jerry grunted. "I've walked three times around the block and I've been up and down in the elevators until the elevator boys greet me like a long lost brother every time I ring for them. I didn't know it could be so long from six o'clock to seven!"

Polly laughed. "All right, I'll be down in ten minutes."

Across the breakfast table in the big grill room Polly told Jerry that the first place she and Jane were going to that morning was one of the newspaper offices.

"What for? To see if there's any trace of that stolen option?" asked Jerry.

Polly shook her head. "No, Mr. Van Vorten is going to (Continued on page 48)

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go away!
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Read "Three Immortal Months," in the March "American Girl"

Mary Ellen Taps

(Continued from page 13)

3. Bring right foot back on line with the left, keeping both heels off floor.

4. Step forward with left foot, slapping it on floor.

5. Do a forward brush with the right foot, and with right foot off the floor—

6.—jump back on left toe.

7. Bring right foot back on line with the left foot.

"That's the simplest kind of fox trot finish break," Roy told us. "Remember that old phrase: *Shave and a hair cut—bay rum*, with one beat between 'hair cut' and 'bay rum'." That's the rhythm of a break. You'll notice it has seven beats: *Shave—and a—hair—cut—pause—bay—rum.*"

From there on we took up more intricate steps including triples, broken rhythm, and such; and Mary Ellen and I spent all our spare time practicing, since practice is nine-tenths of the secret of tap dancing. Then Jim Showers, the director of the show, called a dress rehearsal.

Well, it was pretty sad. The stage crew had difficulty with the "sets," and Mary Ellen and I spent most of our time just sitting around in our costumes, awaiting our turn; and when it finally did come, we were both so nervous that we muffed a couple of steps.

"We're going to have a sweet-scented time putting this show over if you people don't work harder!" Jim told the cast.

"Bob," whispered Mary Ellen anxiously, "I'm beginning to think we bit off more than we can chew."

"Forget it," I said. "Dress rehearsals are always terrible. I've seen the program, by the way," I went on, "and we're billed as 'A Couple of Scotties.' Clever?"

Mary Ellen nodded. "Will we have to bark?" she asked.

"No," I grinned, "but you go over those routines a couple of hundred times before the show or I'll be barking at you!"

Perhaps I should have carried a rabbit's foot around with me Monday, but I hadn't seriously considered the possibility that anything would happen to our act. In fact, when I walked down into the dressing room Monday night to make up, I was convinced that Mary Ellen and I were pretty good.

When the show got under way, I stood in the wings, awaiting Mary Ellen's appearance, and I was amazed by the speed

and, efficiency and despatch with which the various acts were being performed.

It seemed scarcely a minute before it was our turn. Then I began to lose my nerve.

"Johnny," I said shakily to the call boy, "where's Mary Ellen?"

"She'll be up in a minute," he said.

I don't know how I survived the next few minutes, but I did—and Mary Ellen, breathless, was plucking at my sleeve.

"Bob," she gasped, "I'm so nervous that—do I look all right—how does the first step begin—golly, I'm scared—what—!"

"Wait a minute!" I said sharply. "Pull yourself together! We're going on now. Forget the audience. Good luck!"

There was our cue from the orchestra and then—we were out in the dazzling lights beyond which we could not see, dancing to music that seemed relentless. The thought suddenly occurred to me that now we could not stop and do a step again; we had to keep going to the end.

Mary Ellen was doing marvelously well. Apparently she had stopped worrying about the seven hundred people in the audience. Our first routine was timed to two choruses of a fox trot and we had just swung into the second chorus when the crash—literally a crash—came. From back of the drop curtain behind us I heard "Heads up!" in an unusually loud stage whisper, and one second later there came the most terrific smashing and crashing of miscellaneous items I had ever heard. Instantly I knew what had happened. Some clumsy individual had bumped into a huge pile of "properties".

At the sound of the smash there came a spontaneous and very audible laugh from the audience. This, together with the noise from behind the drop, threw Mary Ellen and me off the routine and for a moment we went completely haywire. I stopped dancing and merely shuffled my feet automatically; Mary Ellen faltered, slipped, and then did a ludicrous nose dive that landed her in a heap.

An actor should always keep going no matter what happens, but I'm not enough of an actor to ignore violent interruptions such as that one was; so it wasn't until I caught the scowling eye of the orchestra leader that I collected my wits sufficiently to pick up the musical strain, which had never faltered.

I quickly improvised a few steps, got back into the routine, and reached over to help Mary Ellen to her feet. "Pick it up," I whispered, smiling broadly for the benefit of the delighted audience.

But Mary Ellen had been definitely routed. She tried desperately to pick up the steps but the best she managed was a half tap, half stagger that sent her wobbling all over the stage. At last, when we made a thankful exit I just managed to keep her from stepping over into one of the boxes.

"What a dub!" moaned Mary Ellen, in the wings. "In front of all those people!"

"Never mind that," I said quickly. "Come on out for the encore."

"Encore!" echoed Mary Ellen, aghast.

"Sure," I said, pulling her toward the stage. "Show them you can really—" I stopped suddenly, amazed. From the audience came a somewhat muffled roar of laughter and a storm of applause.

"Listen!" I cried excitedly. "They liked it! They thought you were clowning!"

She looked up hopefully. "Honestly?" she said.

"Don't you hear it?" I almost shouted. "Now look! When we go into the encore, you stumble and pretend you're lost again. They'll love it! I'll do a straight dance and you clown it for all you're worth. Right?"

Mary Ellen smiled. "Right," she said. And we ran back onstage again.

Everybody from Jim Showers down told us that "A Couple of Scotties" was the best thing in the whole show. During the next six performances, our act—complete with a well-timed crash back of the drop—continued to draw the most applause. But what pleased Mary Ellen most was the review in *The Daily*. She liked it chiefly because it annoyed me. Here it is:

"... The first part was pretty dull until a dance team labeled 'A Couple of Scotties' pranced into view. Bob Scott will never, no matter how elastic the imagination, become a tap dancer, and Mary Ellen Scott's dramatic ability is questionable, but these two provide some amusing moments in their burlesque tap dance. Overlooking their lack of what is termed stage presence, it is undeniably true that Mary Ellen, whose athletic feats have amused and amazed us for the past four years, drew from last night's audience some of the loudest laughs ever heard on the Danford campus..."

A Garden Is an Adventure

(Continued from page 21)

growth to become over-heated. Remember that the sun's rays through glass are hotter than out-of-doors sunlight. When the second pair of leaves appears, either thin again to an inch apart or transplant to another flat.

The most important part of all gardening is that which is below ground. All soil is called either sandy or clayey according to the preponderance of these elements in its makeup. Neither has nutritive value. Sand is necessary to ground because of its drainage value. Plants must have water to live, yet only those which grow under bog conditions will thrive if it stagnates about the roots. Clay, on the other hand, is use-

ful, especially in an arid locality, because it is such a good agent for retaining moisture.

Space will not allow for more than a word on food soils. "Ordinary garden soil," a phrase used constantly in most seed catalogues, is made simply by loosening the ground you plan to plant and dressing it with from four to six inches of top soil. "Top soil" is just what the name implies, soil which is taken from the top of open ground. It has been enriched by decomposed vegetable and animal manures; and it has been aerated by the wind and sweetened by the sun. If you plan a city garden, usually you must buy soil. It will be richer than that found in the open, which is as it should be, for plants grown in a restricted

area require more nourishment in this because their roots may not go where they will.

Now, let us consider the person who has only a window at her disposal. What to choose? This is somewhat a matter of preference but more a matter of exposure. When the window has sunlight for half the day, annuals will grow successfully. Without sun it is better not to attempt a garden.

For box gardening, when time and purse are limited, it is not a bad idea to start with only one kind of plant. There are a few which are admirable for this because of long season of bloom and variety of color. Nasturtiums, for one, if you wish yellows. Petunias, if you prefer pinks and white. Possibly you may want a bit more

See Italy through the eyes of an American Girl!—

variety. If so, here are two suggestions: *Petunias*, *ageratum Mexicanum*—blue and taller than the edging *ageratums*—*nicotiana*, for fragrance. *Nicotiana* should be set at the back of the box. It does not open in full sunshine but is a fragrant delight on overcast days and through the night. This combination will give you blue, white and several shades of pink. Another planting might be tall *nasturtiums* set at the front to trail over the edge and, for fragrance, *mignonette*. The rest of the box, a blending of *ageratum Mexicanum* and *calliopsis*.

What about watering gardens? In a season of ordinary rainfall, there is no need for artificial watering. But always and under every condition, the earth around plants should be kept loose. Whenever ground hardens, loosen it to the depth of at least three inches. This forms what is known as a "dust mulch" and prevents moisture already in the ground from evaporating. During a drought, hand or hose watering must be given. Don't water your garden every day, but when you *do* water it, be sure to give enough to reach the roots of your plants, which, by the way, is the only place where it will do the slightest good. After this, loosen the surface soil and forget about the drought till the ground begins to look parched.

Now, for the fortunate people who live in the country. No matter how charming a house may be inside, to me at least, it does not seem to be quite a home without greenery about it. Eventually, you will not be satisfied with annuals for this purpose because you will wish to carry your growth through the winter. But here we shall confine ourselves to annuals.

As a background for this sort of planting, there is nothing quite so good as cosmos. It grows from five to six feet high in good soil and, if there were no flowers at all, would be welcome anywhere because of its foliage. Set in a row about a foot apart and when it is about eight inches high, cut back the main stem about three inches. This throws the strength into the lateral branches and you will be surprised to find what a hedge-like showing it will make. You will notice that I say plant in a row. This is not the effective way to set flowering plants save under a condition such as this or whenever you wish to edge a path. In front of the cosmos any of the plants listed under middle height would be good. When space is sufficient, three feet at least, there may be room for a few edging plants. Set in irregular groups, these give a mass of similar foliage which may be a foil for a neighbor in full flower.

If you already have a planting about the house, this spring will probably find you eager for a garden. You may want to start one that you can develop each season. Why not begin with a border which, eventually, may be a section of a plan? Fill it with annuals this spring and in the fall it will be ready for a more permanent planting. It should be three or four feet wide and as long as space and plan allow. Have some sort of background, if this be no more than a chicken-wire fence. On this, you can grow morning glories which make a good green backing for other growth. Remember to plant in irregular groups. It is better to buy seeds by color, for then it is possible for you to plan definite color combinations.

Here is a list of annuals which are not

difficult to grow, and may your gardening venture be crowned with great success.

For the Back of the Border

COSMOS: White or pink blooms; feathery foliage.

CLEOME: Remove the seed pods. It self-sows readily and is a rank grower. Two shades of pink in the blooms.

HELIANTHUS (sunflower): The small variety with flowers of deep yellow with brown centers or Sutton's Red with dark centers and chestnut petals tipped with yellow.

EUPHORBIA VARIEGATA (Snow-on-the-Mountain): A plant with green and white leaves, popularly mistaken for blooms.

Plants of Medium Height

This group should be used for at least three-fourths of the border. Please understand, it is not necessary to have all the kinds I mention.

AGERATUM MEXICANUM: The flowers of soft blue grow in clusters and are perfect for blending with harder colors.

ASTER: There are several varieties and colors from deep purple, through the pastels to white.

CALENDULA: A packet of mixed seeds is all right. Blossoms, yellow or orange.

CALLIOPSIS: A mixed packet for this too, foliage, feathery; colors, lemon to mahogany.

CENTAUREA (bachelor's buttons): *C. cyaneus*, a deep blue is best.

DELPHINIUM (annual larkspur): Annual delphinium is quite different from its stately sister, perennial. It comes in pastels as well as the blues associated with the name.

GEMPHRENA: This is one of the so-called "everlastings" because the flowers may be dried and used for winter bouquets. It comes in white and shades of pink.

LUPINE: Spikes of pea-like blooms in pastels, blue and white.

MARIGOLD: There are two varieties of marigold. One, the African, is suited to middle planting. French marigold is much shorter and should be used as edging.

MIRABILIS: Shrub-like in form with glossy leaves.

NICOTIANA: I have already spoken enthusiastically about this.


PETUNIAS: Rose of Heaven, Snowball, Rosy Morn, and Black Prince are easy to grow.

ZINNIAS: It is a fortunate person who buys zinnias by color, yet a packet of mixed seed will give pleasure. If you wish blooms to be uniformly large, cut off the bud on the main stem.

Plants for Edging

For edging, one may choose a single kind. For this, either *alyssum*, *Little Gem* variety, or *lemon French marigolds* are good because of heavy and continuous bloom. Another and more interesting planting is to bring your middle height flowers to the edge in a few places and set low plants between, in what might be called a pocket.

Besides *alyssum* and *marigold* the following are good for edging: *Candy-tuft* in white or pastels; *mignonette*, for fragrance; *Drummond phlox*, a brilliantly colored annual *phlox*; *portulaca* which should be bought by color; and *myosotis*—the forget-me-not.



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Polly What's-Her-Name

(Continued from page 45)

take charge of that for Jane. No, it's about something else." She flushed, then she leaned forward across the bowl of cereal before her. "Jerry, it's about finding out who I am," she said.

"Who you are?" repeated Jerry, staring at her. "Aren't you Polly Drake?"

Polly nodded. "I am now. But I wasn't always." She looked straight at him, "Haven't you ever heard about me?"

Jerry looked as straight back at her. "You mean about Jane's adopting you," he answered slowly. "Yes, Mrs. Appleby told me and—well, Polly, I felt sort of keen about it, because you were an orphan like me.

"I don't care what your last name proves to be," he went on. "You'll always be just Polly."

Jerry, as well as Polly, followed Jane into the newspaper office later that morning. Polly's heart beat high with longing. If Mike had answered—if only he had answered! But she knew, the next instant, from the look on Jane's face as she turned away from the want ad counter, that he hadn't.

"No answer here yet," said Jane, trying to speak lightly. "We'll try the other papers."

But there, too, no answer awaited them.

"Well, what shall we do now?" asked Jane. Carefully avoiding a glance at poor Polly, she looked at Jerry instead.

"Why not go out to this new oil field?" suggested the boy.

"Just the thing to do!" exclaimed Jane and led the way out. But just as they stepped out of the newspaper building and onto the sidewalk, Polly clutched Jane's arm.

"Look," she gasped, "isn't that Isobel Dalton and Miss Mills ahead of us, Jane?"

Jane peered into the moving crowd ahead. "Yes, it is," she agreed quickly.

"Where?" exclaimed Jerry.

"There they are, turning off into that side street. Think you can catch them, Jerry?"

Jerry was off with a nod and Polly and Jane followed as rapidly as they could. The street was thronged with pedestrians, however, and in a moment or so they met Jerry returning with a chagrined face.

"I lost them," he said. "I don't know whether they knew they were being pursued or not, but those two dames hopped into a car and were away before I had more than got around the corner."

"Well, better luck next time," consoled Jane. "At least we know that they are here. I think I'll go into this drug store and telephone Mr. Van Vorten about having seen them."

Polly and Jerry waited outside the telephone booth then. Jane soon rejoined them and they both turned eagerly to her.

"Mr. Van Vorten said that the women had eluded him this morning—they went out one door of a certain oil company as he came in another entrance. Mr. Van Vorten is afraid that, having recognized him, they will leave town and try to sell the option in Dallas or Oklahoma. Isobel knows that he is a friend of mine."

"Well," suggested Jerry at last, as they

continued to stare disappointedly at each other, "shall we go out to that new oil field?"

"Yes, let's," said Jane decidedly, leading the way back to the car they had hired.

An hour or so later they neared the oil field, with its great structures and its noise and its heavy smell of oil.

Jane, having consulted one of the field managers of one of the oil companies, indicated some nearby land as that covered by the stolen option.

"See how it adjoins this flowing well," she explained. "Tests were made by one of the companies, the one which owns this well, I believe, and all indications are that it is rich with oil."

"And you owned this land, Jane?" asked Polly in an awed voice.

Jane laughed. "No, indeed, I never owned it, Polly, nor did Cousin Henry. He

police that she was sick and tired—those are her words—of the life her sister made her lead—"

"Her sister?" Now it was Jane's turn to exclaim.

Again Mr. Van Vorten patiently nodded. "Isobel Dalton is her sister," he said. "Both names are aliases and these girls' real name is Smith—Gertie and Josie Smith. Gertie Smith—or Isobel Dalton—is wanted by the Florida police."

"And what about Miss Mills?" asked Jane.

"I think she is really sick of the life she and her sister led. Something can be done for her. But Miss Dalton is different. Jane, when are you ever going to learn that you need someone to look after you?" And Mr. Van Vorten stopped short.

Jane dropped her gaze. "I've been a very foolish person, Hal," she said. "Mr. King, you, several people warned me about this woman. But I thought she was lonely—and you see, I've known that feeling—"

"Jane—oh, my dear—" said Mr. Van Vorten.

"Jane," Polly broke in desperately, rising abruptly to her feet and looking after Jerry, who had already left the anteroom, "may I go upstairs? I'm—I'm awfully tired."

Polly quickly followed Jerry, her thoughts in a whirl. Jerry had guessed the situation, but how blind she had been. Why, Jane liked Mr. Van Vorten and he liked her! Polly knew that now. If—if—why, then, they would not want her any longer. It would be pretty awful to have to go back to Fairview, to be just Polly What's-Her-Name again!

So Polly spent a perfectly wretched night. She invented a fictitious headache, and stayed in her room all evening. Once Jerry telephoned, but she told him she was too tired to come downstairs. Early the next morning Jane was up, singing in the next room. Polly, hearing her, groaned to herself, "It's happened! She's going to marry—"

After awhile Jane knocked on the door. "Ready, Polly? We'll have breakfast and pop over to the newspaper office right afterwards. Somehow, I feel sure that we'll hear today!"

But when they reached the newspaper office, after all it was the same report as the day before. No, no one had answered the advertisement inserted by Miss Drake. Jane's bright face fell and Polly's hands clenched themselves into tight fists.

It was just as they turned away that Jane thought of another question and stepped back to the desk to ask it. "Does anyone in this office happen to know a man by the name of Mike McGinnis?" she inquired eagerly. "A red-haired man who used to live in New York?"

The girl behind the counter looked at her coldly. "No'm, no one around here by that name."

"Well," Jane's shoulders drooped a little, "I just thought I'd ask—"

"Mike McGinnis?" A boy who was working at a desk looked up.

"Say, I know a fellow by the name of Mike McGinnis and—by gum!—he's got red hair. He boards with my aunt out in South

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merely was smart enough to see its possibilities and so secured a right to buy the land. That right is called an option, a sort of written contract between owner and prospective buyer and means that the land shall not be offered to anyone else for a certain period."

They had their luncheon in a frontier-like shack and were distracted both by the flies and the radio jazz. Everyone was glad when they were in the car and headed back for Houston, with the smell of oil and the noise and the heat behind them.

Mr. Van Vorten was waiting for them in the hotel lobby when they reached there. "The option has been recovered!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"Oh, how?"

"When?"

"Tell us!"

All three voices cried out at once. Mr. Van Vorten, taking out a handkerchief to wipe his glistening forehead, drew them into a small waiting room where he motioned them to be seated.

"A woman, calling herself Miss Mills, delivered the option to the police early this afternoon. She tried to leave the police station hurriedly but she was detained and finally was persuaded to tell her story," began Mr. Van Vorten.

"Miss Mills?" echoed Polly amazedly.

Mr. Van Vorten nodded. "She told the

Would you like to read a Finnish girl's letters?

Houston. That is, he does less'n he's put on some oil rig. He's a driller. I'll look him up."

"Has your aunt a telephone?" asked Jane.

The boy shook his head. "Nope," he answered cheerfully. "And come to think of it, Mike ain't there at my aunt's just now, neither. He's out at that new oil field that was brung in recently." He mentioned the name of the oil field where Jane and Polly and Jerry had been.

"Well, maybe we passed Mike," Polly kept saying excitedly later. She and the others, together with Mr. Van Vortten, whom Jane had asked to accompany them, were all on their way back to the oil field. "And maybe I didn't know him!"

But she did know him when, after making several inquiries, they had traced Mike to one of the derricks. And he knew her! For coming across the drill platform, bashfully wiping the muck from his hands, he stopped to stare at the girl for an instant.

"Why, if it ain't little Polly!" he exclaimed, advancing to shake hands with her cordially, his honest face lighting up. "My, my, you've grown, ain't you!"

"We've come, Mr. McGinnis," explained Mr. Van Vortten, offering his hand in turn and introducing Jane, "to see if you know Polly's last name?"

Mike answered him promptly. "Why, sure, I know, even if I wasn't s'posed to. She's Mary Ellerton, the granddaughter of that rich, old man, Hubert Ellerton. She—"

"Hubert Ellerton's granddaughter!" Mr. Van Vortten turned white, spoke with difficulty. "Why, then, Polly—you must be the daughter of George Ellerton. I knew him."

"Sure she's the granddaughter of Hubert Ellerton," repeated Mike emphatically. "On'y her father made me mother promise never to mention it, account he and his father had had a disagreement. I allus meant to come back fr you, Polly, or send fr you, but the years passed so quick like that—well, here we are. I got a little locket Ma had—it musta belonged to Polly's grandmother, that has the picture of the old gentleman Ellerton in it. He ain't so bad lookin' and I'll bet he was purty sad the way things turned out, and purty sorry 'bout the quarrel he and his son had."

"He was, Mike," remarked Mr. Van Vortten sadly. "I can remember those bitter months when we searched for George, Mr. Ellerton and I, and the terrible day when the war office notified him of George's death in battle. Of course, neither of us dreamed about Polly here."

In the car going back to the hotel, Jane squeezed Polly's hand. "Isn't it great finding out about your name!" she exclaimed, happily.

But Polly, oddly enough, made a little grimace. "Mary Ellerton sounds sort of high hat to me," she said with distaste. "I think I'd rather keep your name, Jane."

"But, Polly, I'm going to change my name soon," Jane answered frankly.

Polly, glancing swiftly at Mr. Van Vortten, saw the twinkle in his eye. "I'm—glad for you," Polly said.

"Wouldn't you like to change your name to Van Vortten, too?" offered the owner of it gravely.

Polly, however, shook her head. "No, I guess I'll keep my own, thanks."

"The one of Mary Ellerton?" Mr. Van Vortten nodded approvingly. "That was your grandmother's name, Polly, and she

was a sweet woman." Suddenly he leaned toward the girl. "Polly," he said, "I hope you won't mind if I come to live with you and Jane instead of inviting you to live in my big, lonely house. You won't, will you?"

Polly stared at him. To live with her and Jane! Why, that meant—it could mean but one thing! They were not going to send her away! She stammered, "You—you—mean—you want me to keep on living with you—and Jane? That you won't want me to go away after—"

Jane caught the girl's hand again, gave it another squeeze. "Polly," she said reproachfully, "what an idea! Of course you're going to live with us. Forever and ever!"

"Forever and ever—the regular happy ending to any fairy tale!" repeated Jerry, twisting himself around on the front seat beside the chauffeur. "Say, Polly," he interrupted himself to chuckle, "that goes with what your name should have been. It should have been—not Polly Drake or Mary Ellerton—"

"Why not Mary Ellerton?" demanded Polly indignantly. "It's my own grandmother's name."

"Because," said Jerry decidedly, "it should have been Cinderella."

"Why?" laughed Polly.

Jerry waved an explanatory hand, "Oh, the way things have turned out for you."

"Well, if I'm Cinderella, where's the Prince?" scoffed Polly.

Jerry grinned at her. "Won't I do?" he asked.

What has happened so far in this story

Polly was an orphan at the Fairview Home, where she was brought upon the death of a Mrs. McGinnis, with whom she and her father had boarded until the latter was killed during the war. She is adopted by Jane Drake, a girl not much older than herself, and goes to live with her and a friend of hers, Isobel Dalton, in the former's penthouse apartment. She is tutored by a Miss Mills, whom Miss Dalton recommended. In spite of their supposed friendship, Polly senses a bitter antagonism between the two young women.

During one of Polly's horseback rides in the park her mount takes fright and runs with her. After some moments of panic she is rescued by a strange boy who disappears almost before she has time to thank him. A few days later, however, at a house-party which Jane and Polly attend, the girls find that he, too, is a guest there. They learn that his name is Jerry Hall.

One day Jane and Polly go to the former address of Mrs. McGinnis, hoping to find out something about Polly's family. One of the neighbors remembers that Mike McGinnis, one of the sons, moved to Houston, Texas, and Jane determines to advertise for him in several Texas newspapers.

When they return to the apartment, Polly is startled to find Miss Dalton wildly ransacking Jane's desk. Miss Dalton, quite unembarrassed, tells Polly that she is searching for stationery. Just then Jane comes in, and tells Polly that oil has been struck on the land in Texas on which Jane holds an option. Jane removes the option from her wall safe to examine it, and then puts it back. Polly is puzzled and frightened to see Miss Dalton jotting something down as she stands behind Jane, while the latter opens the safe!

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Valentine Greetings

A certain Girl Scout received a very puzzling Valentine greeting recently and we show it here as part of this month's puzzle picture. It was made up of six simple pictures and each represented a six-letter word.

The recipient of the Valentine discovered that by arranging these words in a square formation in proper order, her name would read diagonally down from left to right.

The squares shown above are all ready for you to put in the six words which are to be arranged so that they will fit in where the letter "E" is indicated. The girl's name will then appear in the darker squares.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. A sacred book
2. Thoughts in mind
3. An escort or lover (plural)
4. A girl's name
5. A literary composition on a special subject

By FLORENCE LIPPMAN, *Troop Fifty, Brooklyn, New York.*

A Charade

My first is in pork, but not in ham.
My second, in oyster, is never in clam.
My third is in pond, but not in lake.
My fourth is in hand, but not in shake.
My fifth is in eye, but not in wink.
My whole is a flower, red, white, and pink.

By BETTY COOEY, *Flushing, New York.*

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, ten new words will be formed. The ten added letters will spell the name of a famous poem by Longfellow

1. Aster
 2. At
 3. Corn
 4. Ail
 5. Host
 6. Aster
 7. Ace
 8. Rate
 9. Or
 10. Lope
- By ALICE MARY DEIGHTON, *Duluth, Minnesota.*

An Enigma

I am the name of a famous writer of plays and I contain eleven letters.

My 7, 8, 3, 10 is a fruit.

My 10, 9, 4, 11 is a garden implement.

My 1, 5, 11, 10 is a wise man.

My 6, 9, 7 is part of a tree.

My 2 and 5 is a pronoun.

By JANET STEINBERGER, *Troop Twenty-seven, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Concealed Trees

The names of five trees are concealed in the following sentences:

1. Marjorie is going to a Kansas farm this summer.
2. Will owns the black horse in the barn.
3. A sheep-shank is a knot for temporarily shortening rope.
4. The girl indented one inch from the edge of her paper.
5. Emma pleased her mother in many ways.

By HELEN JEANETTE PEARSON, *Troop Seven, Wilmette, Illinois.*

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What part of London is in France?

By ALICE GARREN, *Jacksonville, Florida.*

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE GREAT PIE PUZZLE: The condensed headline should read:
"BOY BET! ATE ALL! JOY! LAD WON TEN!"

1. Boy, bay, pay, pat, pit, pie. 2. Bet, but, bun, pun, pin, pie. 3. Ate, are, aye, lye, lie, pie. 4. All, ail, aim, vim, vie, pie. 5. Joy, toy, ton, tin, pin, pie. 6. Lad, pad, pod, pot, pit, pie. 7. Won, woo, too, toe, tie, pie. 8. Ten, tin, bin, big, pig, pie.

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell JO ANN. A CHARADE: Beaver.

CONCEALED CITIES: 1. London 2. Athens 3. Reno 4. Buffalo 5. Berlin 6. Miami.

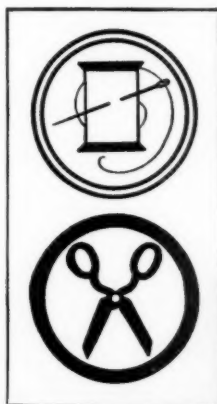
PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

VOGUE
OPALS
GAITS
ULTRA
ESSAY

AN ENIGMA: Beware of poisonous plants.

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The drink that makes *a pause refreshing*

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